

ACROSS
THE
ATLANTIC



ROBERT
ANDERTON
NAYLOR

YD 06567





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

PRESENTED BY
PROF. CHARLES A. KOFOID AND
MRS. PRUDENCE W. KOFOID

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BY

ROBERT ANDERTON NAYLOR,
M.S.A., F.R.S.L., F.R.MET.S., F.R.HIST.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

AUTHOR OF

*"Nugæ Canoræ," "Hymns for the People," "Prince Oscar's
Marriage Ode," "Shall we Know them Again?"
"Sweden 1882, Norway 1884," "Chazelworth
Waters," "Songs of Truth,"
"Joe and Joë,"
Etc.*

THE ROXBURGHE PRESS,
3, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER,
AND 32, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

THIS LITTLE
SKETCH OF A VERY INTERESTING TOUR
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
THE MEMBERS OF THE ARTS SOCIETY,
WHO, ALONG WITH THE WRITER,
VISITED THE
“WORLD’S FAIR” AT CHICAGO IN 1893,
AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY
OF THE WORTH OF THE GOOD COMPANIONSHIP
WHICH SO TENDED TO MAKE THE
EXCURSION A SOURCE
OF PLEASURABLE DELIGHT, DOWNRIGHT ENJOYMENT,
AND
ABIDING SATISFACTION.

PREFACE.

If any book should answer the design
Its author or its authoress should claim,
How unimportant sounds the angry whine
Of adverse critics, who can only blame !

SOME members, no doubt, of the Arts Society collected far more valuable materials for the production of a volume to serve as a souvenir of our charming trip across the Atlantic than myself ; but as I understood none of these interesting documents would appear in printed form, I undertook the task of permanently preserving a few ideas for presentation to the members of our party, the majority of whom possessed such a fascinating individuality as to give a diversified pleasure to those who had the honour of forming their acquaintance.

To describe their attractive, though decidedly different, personalities, would indeed be a

pleasant employment; for even to permit the wonderful revolutions of thought and imagination now to dwell on the special traits of character displayed by them, gives such a variation of gratifying pleasure as to prove the wisdom of the Infinite in not making two blades of grass exactly alike, nor the permission that two human beings should be moulded precisely after the same fashion.

Thus, when Nature is allowed to have her own way, and the imitative faculty discouraged, humanity displays her special and peculiar developments, and demonstrates with remarkable force that the differences of temperament, when controlled by that Divine law before which all should bow, constitute one of the finest conceptions in the orderings of an all-wise Providence.

So in human productions, whether in the region of poetry, music, art, or science, the special features of man are found impressed—if uninfluenced by prejudicial leanings—with a vivid correctness. And this is perhaps in no way better demonstrated than when a man

presents his own ideas and opinions of men, places, and things in the writing of a Souvenir, such as the present, for instance, or something of a much more imposing character.

Perhaps no two members of this particular party, with the necessary courage to publicly express an independent opinion, would have written words conveying the same meaning upon all the subjects dealt with in this volume ; for the susceptibilities of one nature might bear a distinctive contrast to another, and consequently the recorded impressions could not possibly have been the same.

Therefore, what is generally needed is, that a man should remain himself at all times, and not degenerate into a mere copyist ; but display his own special characteristics, and when giving an expression to his thoughts, have the manliness to claim them as his own, without either shirking the responsibilities of their consequence, or wrongly claiming the support of others.

So in writing these pages I only claim them as the result of a personal experience ; and

wish it to be distinctly understood, especially as regards the controversial matters dealt with, that the opinions promulgated are those of an individual only, and are in no way binding upon the members of the Arts Society at large, or even on those who formed the delightful party to "The World's Fair" at Chicago in 1893.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,
Sept. 2nd, 1893.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
OUTWARD BOUND	7
CHAPTER II.	
NEW YORK	36
CHAPTER III.	
WASHINGTON	52
CHAPTER IV.	
CHICAGO	77
CHAPTER V.	
THE WORLD'S FAIR	104
CHAPTER VI.	
NIAGARA FALLS	156
CHAPTER VII.	
MONTREAL	185

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
THE HUDSON RIVER	222
CHAPTER IX.	
NEW YORK AGAIN	244
CHAPTER X.	
HOMEWARD BOUND	270

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Wherever you may wander,
Whatever you may see,
The scenes are all the brighter
With pleasant company.

SOMETHING closely akin to disappointment seemed to be the ruling passion as we alighted from the train, stood upon the deck of the steamship *Berlin*, of the American Line, and left Southampton dock at noon on Saturday, July 22nd, 1893.

The vessel was not the ideal floating palace we had conceived most transatlantic liners to be ; and so, like other airy castles, ours had to crumble to pieces, and the reality take its place.

However, we found the *Berlin* a very good sea-boat ; and, though a little behind the times as regards size and appointments, we gradually

recovered from our momentary dislike to the ship. For this, like the cloudy beginning of much true love, actually ended in a case of real affection ; for before we left the vessel we quite entertained a sincere regard, not only for the ship, but for the captain, officers, and crew.

The day was beautifully fine, and the passengers appeared in the best of spirits ; but when we were nearing the Needles a very distressing occurrence took place. One of the sailors, in making good the awnings, lost his balance and fell overboard, and, as the ship was going well-nigh full speed, it was some time before he could be rescued. The passengers were at luncheon when the accident happened, and many were unaware until afterwards why the engines ceased and the ship stayed.

When the poor fellow was brought from the boat it seemed a hopeless case ; and, although every effort was made to revive him, all was unavailing, and he unfortunately succumbed.

Rescued ! Alas ! soon, soon to be interred
Within the bosom of the ocean deep ;
Until the mighty voice from heaven is heard,
Arousing and awakening all from sleep :
Those o'er whose grave graze not the lowing herd,
And also those where weeping willows weep.

We sailed along the shores of Old England, trying to recognise the places with which we were familiar.

Thus the afternoon passed away pleasantly and the evening shadows began to fall; and even in the moonlight we looked for the last glimpse of land, knowing that on the morrow we should be ploughing the waters of the great deep, with our native shores far out of sight.

Farewell, dear Fatherland ! We love thee well,
And hope ere long to see again thy face.
On thee, fair island, we do love to dwell,
Although to other lands our way we trace.

On Sunday morning we had to experience the majesty of the sea, and those susceptible to its influence were, in duty bound, to make the usual obeisance; for the sea, at any rate, is no respecter of persons.

The high and low are treated much the same,
For rolling billows don't respect a name,
Or any state.
The rich and mighty often are made low,
The poor and humble also have to know
The same, same fate.

There was one young lady who lightly stepped the deck amidst a wilderness of fears, and when some of her superiors were in a woeful plight.

Can I guess her age? Well, say twelve summers. She was both bright and happy, and confided to me a secret, which I will retell to you, dear reader, whoever you may be—of course, in strict confidence.

“The first time I crossed the ocean,” said this sprightly damsel, “I was promised five pounds if I wouldn’t be ill.”

“Were you ill?”

“Not I! Do you think I should be ill when I could gain five pounds for not being?”

“Will you get five pounds this time?”

“No! they didn’t promise me; but I shouldn’t be ill if I could get five pounds.”

“Did you put the five pounds in the bank?”

“No—I spent it.”

I wonder if there is any truth in the suggestion that sea-sickness can be prevented by the power of one’s own will! This young lady’s reasoning seems to give a sort of affirmative answer to the problem.

Well, though the five pounds was not the attraction on this journey, I heard of a lot of presents, one of which had to follow in the shape of a London costermonger’s donkey and cart of first-class quality.

The father and mother of this fair enchantress kindly invited us to their house ; but, as time prohibited the acceptance of the privilege, I must imagine the coster's cart and all the wonderful surroundings of this young lady's home, and must content myself at present by inserting here the heart's silent whisperings :—

I shall picture you when we
Are many leagues apart,
And with my long-range glass shall see
The costermonger's cart.
I shall see your face all glowing
With pleasure and delight ;
I shall see the donkey going,
And hope he won't take fright :
So hold the reins more tightly,
And only crack the whip,
For coster's d.'s go sprightly,
And o'er the ground will skip.
So I wish in golden measure,
From right within my heart,
You will have days of pleasure
With the costermonger's cart.

Each day worked wonders in the countenances of the passengers, and this recognised barometer of the feelings seemed to speak pretty correctly ; for I afterwards saw a lady's diary, and these few items of information were about the indications of the facial readings, which, though

perhaps quite true, I think some wag had inserted :—

2nd day.—"Utterly miserable."

3rd day.—"Longed to die."

4th day.—"I wished to live."

5th day.—"Jolly."

6th day.—"Awfully happy."

On board were sold souvenirs of the voyage, with a good photograph of the captain as a frontispiece ; and among

"SOME DON'TS FOR PASSENGERS"

I noticed the following :—

"Don't be too dignified or exclusive : salt water, like death, is no respecter of persons."

Then we have—

"NEVER"

(For those about to sail).

with this "never" among a multitude of others—

"Never give way to sea-sickness : fight it down ; exercise will-power, and keep on the fight, even if it takes all the voyage."

No doubt very good advice, and probably some would succeed ; but some did not.

However, when the sea became calmer and

the landspeople more accustomed to its motion, the jubilation was great, and perhaps the happiness assumed the superlative order through the pain and inconvenience previously experienced.

For in this life of ups and downs,
Of pleasure, pains, and woe,
Smiles, pleasantries, and cruel frowns,
We shall find as we go,
Amidst the world's oft-varied scene,
The most supremely blest
Are those who have much trouble seen,
And so can value rest.

So on the fourth or fifth day we had sunshine and brightness reigning in a dual sense, without an apparent cloud to mar the brilliancy of the scene ; for the business of life seemed, for the time being, the pursuit of enjoyment.

The betting-men on board went in for what they term pools, and the principal object dealt with was the mileage of each day's running ; but there were some rather strange things later on—for instance, the number of the pilot boat, what kind of a hat he would wear, and which leg he would throw first over the rail on gaining the ship. The pools, I understood, were not very large, but there was a kind of auction

where the numbers were sold and resold which caused considerable competition.

“Have you heard about Mr. B——?” said some one to me in a tone of excitement. “Well, he bought some numbers for £1 1s., sold them for £2 10s.; bought another for 2s. 6d., which he kept, and this proved the winning number, and he has won the pool, between £5 and £6.”

The leader of this section of pleasure-seekers seemed to get the worst of it, and he lost rather heavily; but at the last he bid high for the tickets, secured the winning number and rather a heavy pool. But, whether winning or losing, it is perhaps, after all, the wisest to—

Stake nothing, but by honest toil
Make lawful gain, not bet;
For though you sweep the glittering spoil,
Think of the vain regret
The loser has, who perhaps may stake
His all to gain the prize,
And of the dirge the heart will make
O'er his last sacrifice.

Amusements, such as shuffle-board, deck quoits, etc., suited the tastes of others; for there seemed no lack of things to interest and amuse.

Then the ladies were busy collecting autographs ; for, be it known, the ship's souvenir had a special place assigned for these.

Then there were elaborate albums produced, containing sketches, poetry, etc. ; so the gentlemen appealed to had to use the pencil and the pen, in response to the bewitching smile and the gentle request.

Some of these books were of a highly artistic character, and the verses, drawings, whimsical and otherwise, must have formed an important treasure to the various owners, who probably had been years in collecting such a miscellaneous assortment of friendly remembrances.

Personally I escaped very lightly ; for just this one little poem constituted the whole of my contributions to these storehouses of souvenirs :—

TO YOU.

ON BOARD THE S.S. *Berlin*, MID-OCEAN,
WEDNESDAY, JULY 26TH, 1893.

For your much-loved book of scraps, and odds, and ends,
At your request, I place these lines among your special friends.

Good lady, though I know you not,
Yet I can wish you well,
And memory's room can find a spot
Wherein your face may dwell ;

For its sweet brightness may combine
With others hanging there
To cheer the heart with bright sunshine,
And drive away despair.
For when the days of darkness near,
I'll step in memory's room,
And its fair hangings will soon cheer ;
And then, instead of gloom,
I shall find pictures of delight
Around on every hand,
And I shall dwell with faces bright
In real Fairyland.
Thus will past brightness light my way,
Its cheering work renew,
And mark with special glow the day
When I did meet with you ;
And though your picture bears no name,
Or date when I did win,
I'll grave upon its golden frame
The good steamship *Berlin*.

Then there were all those delightful conversations. One group of ladies were discussing the character of an English lady, the result of a graphological inquiry.

Of course there are certain sceptics who do not believe in any of those semi-scientific means of character interpretation, such as palmistry, graphology, physiognomy, cheirognomy, or phrenology.

Well, I have only had my character truly told once, and that was by a lady, who has

earned a considerable sum, for charitable purposes, by deciphering character from a specimen of handwriting. So this leads me to suppose that there may be more reason to believe in this particular method than in some of the others, although I must admit having seen some characters so interpreted that were very incorrect.

I was favoured with a copy of the character under consideration, and from observation I should think it was exceptionally true to nature. I have permission to print it, and do so, for a reason to be afterwards mentioned :—

“You are frank and genial in manner, with much liveliness of fancy, and a hopeful, sanguine spirit. You are endowed with quick perception. You decide rapidly and clearly, and can easily throw yourself into other people’s thoughts and ways. You have rather a strong will of your own, and are not too easily influenced by others, though always tolerant of well-grounded contradiction. There is some impulsiveness in you, being apt to be too hurried in the adoption of schemes and causes, and you have a small share of pride. When you have once embarked in any matter you will not detract. You are rather unconventional in some of your tastes, and do

not wish to be precisely like the rest of the world. You can be amusing in your conversation, and have a quick sense of humour. You have good taste, and are particular about your surroundings."

Now, this is, I consider, a good all-round character, that no one need be ashamed of, and I think it was unanimously declared to be an exact one of the lady, who resides at one of "the stately halls of England," with a fine Norman archway, and beautiful grounds surrounding.

A very correct gentleman on board confided to me his opinion that some of the ladies were not quite conducting themselves in a fit and proper manner.

He singled out one as a sample, and said, "I should not like to think my wife was acting so; neither should I like my wife to imagine I was acting like the gentleman."

Well, his insinuations were entirely without foundation; and I tried to explain to him that the American ladies were of a free and independent nature, and unlike, in their ways, our more sedate countrywomen.

I think the lady mentioned was a charming person; so here was a decided difference of

opinion, probably through one taking in account the differences of the worlds in which people live.

However, the American ladies are born and reared under conditions which seem to make them well able to take care of themselves ; and the reason I have printed the English lady's character is just to show that the unconventionality they display may be also found among some of the ladies of our own land.

Certainly I shall not blame any of our passengers for wrong conduct, not even my proper friend, whom I sincerely respect ; for perhaps it would be a hard task to find a more agreeable lot of people than the ladies and gentlemen, the passengers on the s.s. *Berlin*.

It is marvellous what a wrong judgment you form of people sometimes, not only as regards their disposition, but as to their relationship. Just to give an example as to the erroneous opinions people may form, I am always taken for a newly married man. Why, I cannot quite make out ; but, when people find the contrary is the case, they seem to infer, by their words and manner, that I have been playing the part of a deceiver.

One lady accosted me, and in rather sarcastic tones said :

“It is not often we see a man so awfully attentive to his sister.”

Well, I am not aware that the attention was of so demonstrative a nature as to attract notice ; although I do think that when a man is travelling with a lady, whether she is his mother, sister, or wife, she should have the lion's share of his thoughts and care. But from what I can gather, from the sundry remarks made when journeying in many lands, some do not think with me. However, if people determine in their minds that certain conclusions are correct, and they come and talk to you about your wife, you hardly ought to be blamed for the wrong conceptions of others ; and you certainly cannot change your relationship even to oblige them.

Well, one must not grumble ; but there generally follows such a lot of questioning, and the exhibition of either feigned or real astonishment, accompanied by an inferred accusation that you are guilty of some crime because you have never married, as if there were existing no necessity for a few “awful examples” as a warning to others.

One American merchant, who had previously shown himself very friendly disposed, when he, like the others, discovered his mistake, addressed me after this fashion : " Well, I'm surprised that an elegant man like you has never found a nice young lady."

Well, there is a question about the elegance, as it is only a matter of opinion ; and the lady, the perfection of all that is good, he promised to find me in that city called Philadelphia, might not have been of his way of thinking, had I accepted his very pressing invitation to journey thither.

Even on the concert programme, produced five or six days after starting, we were announced as " Mr. R. A. and Mrs. Naylor," and I had to endure another onslaught ; although a second edition of the programme corrected the mistake, and we were placed thereon in our proper relationship, although the correction made us the subject of the customary apologetical explanations.

But I might as well make the confession that I am not a lady's man, though I greatly admired the gentlemen we had with us ; for many of them could act the part of the beau-ideal to perfection.

The lady whose seat was on my left in the saloon was travelling alone, under the charge of the captain, and when she told me this I felt I ought to be as politely attentive as possible ; but I made such a bad job of it, that I eased my conscience by introducing to her two fine English gentlemen I knew to be the very soul of honour, and they certainly made the journey across the Atlantic much more pleasurable for this lady than it would have been without the innumerable kindnesses these champions of the Fair were good enough to show.

One gentleman whose acquaintance I formed could tell amusing stories by the dozen, and I saw him keep one lady in a state of interested excitement for two or three hours.

I afterwards complimented him upon his achievement, for I could not understand how he managed it. This must, however, be a natural gift, or one acquired by practice and study ; for I only ventured for one short stroll with a lady, other than my own, and this fascinating personage must have considered me a little out of date. The circumstances under which this short walking tour was taken were quite of an accidental character. "The two

sisters " were talking to a gentleman I knew, who started off with one, so I had to follow suit with the other ; but while he could evidently find all sorts of nice things to say, to the delight of his partner, I could hardly breathe out a few sentences to mine, and she, no doubt, was very glad when we joined a group, and my task was finished.

I was once travelling in a distant land, when an English lady of title said to me one of the sweetest things woman can say to man, and which, perhaps, no lady will ever say to me again. But instead of responding with something like a corresponding phrase, I could scarcely speak ; so I write the foregoing as a sort of an apology to the good ladies on board the *Berlin*, to assure them, one and all, that though I could not entertain them with the fluency of others, my heart may beat as truly, and they must kindly excuse my natural imperfections.

I have been thinking since that perhaps the lady who graciously presented me with the dilapidated umbrella, might be giving an object-lesson to demonstrate my own infirmities.

This beautiful red silk umbrella became tattered and torn by a gust of wind, and it was

then handed to me. Its appearance caused considerable amusement, and many of its fragments were afterwards seen in the ladies' hats and gentlemen's buttonholes. One gentleman begged rather a large piece of the silk, which he intended to take home for his little girl to make a doll's dress with ; but in the meantime he wore it as a scarf.

This gave rise to a good joke made by one of our clerical friends—or, perhaps, I ought to call it a conundrum :

“Why is Mr. So-and-so's bright red silk scarf like the steamship *Berlin* ?”

“Because it is borne on the bosom of a great swell.”

Bravo !

Good-bye, ladies ! I now make my bow, and pass to other subjects.

One very thoughtful act was performed by a member of our party, Mr. C. C. Paine, who kindly undertook the collection of willingly given offerings for the benefit of the little orphan child whose father was the poor seaman buried at sea.

This resulted in raising about £22, which sum was further increased by a generous contribution from a lady who had a heart to pity and sympathise.

Then, on the Friday evening, we had a grand concert, principally arranged by that distinguished professional singer and composer Mr. Martyn Van Lennep, and this proved to be a great success.

The bill announcing this concert was quite an artistic curiosity, and the clever draughtsman's handiwork was greatly admired, especially the first-rate portrait of a gentleman of our party, whose conduct throughout the journey was conspicuous for its kindness and amiability, as every leading freemason's ought to be.

Mr. C. C. Paine occupied the presidential chair on the occasion, and those who have the pleasure of knowing this gentleman will not be surprised to hear that his duties were performed in such an admirable style as to gain the most appreciative encomiums, which the audience duly seconded by applause when a vote of thanks to him was accorded.

The concert was of a miscellaneous character, as the programme overleaf will show.

One amusing item in the proceedings was the recitation, so called, by Mr. Pomeroy Dickinson, who, I believe, was the artistic gentleman who made such a good job of the Playbill.

➤❖ GRAND ❖ CONCERT, ❖➤

Held on board, July 28th, 1893, by kind permission of Captain Watkins,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF A CHARITY TO BE DECIDED UPON DURING
THE CONCERT BY GENERAL VOTE.

Chair to be taken at 8 p.m., by C. C. Paine, Esq.



P R O G R A M M E.

P A R T I.

PIANO DUET	“Caliph of Bagdad”	{ Miss Berblinger. Miss Mourant.
SONG	“The Village Blacksmith”	Mr. Morris.
SONG	“The Pilot”	Mr. R. A. & Miss Naylor.
SONG	“Sunshine and Rain”	Miss Nellie Mourant.
RECITATION	Selected	Mr. Pomeroy Dickinson.
DUET	“Two Gay Owls”	Mr. & Mrs. M. Van Lennep.
SONGS	{ a. “Charmina Marguerita” b. “I Love, and the World is Mine” }	Miss M. Hall.
SONG WITH BANJO	“Swanee Ribber”	Miss D. Harmer.
RECITATION	“The Life-Boat”	Mr. H. I. Bagge.

P A R T II.

SONG	“The ‘Longshoreman’”	Mr. C. Keyser.
FLUTE SOLO	Selected	Mr. Kirwin.
SONG	“The Owls and the Mice”	Mr. W. Briggs.
RECITATION	“The Courtin’”	Miss Ella Winter.
SPANISH BOLERO	“In Seville’s Groves”	Mrs. Van Lennep.
SONG	“Rejected”	Mr. George Alison.
SONGS	{ a. “My Love is an Arbutus” b. “Where the Bee Sucks” }	Miss M. Hall.
DUET	{ “Where are you going, my pretty maid?” (Illustrating the woman of the future.) }	Mr. & Mrs. M. Van Lennep.
COMIC SONGS	{ a. “Eight Hours a Day” b. “Four Gay Bachelors” }	Mr. Willie Scott.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Accompanists:—The MISSES BERBLINGER, MOURANT, and ELLA WINTER.

GONDOLAS AT 10 P.M.

Mr. Dickinson's recitation, which was more of the character of a stump speech, greatly amused the people, and met with a well-deserved encore.

What made a portion of this speech all the more amusing was the fact that Mr. Dickinson is a lawyer; and I begged him afterwards to write me that portion of his speech especially dealing with this much-abused part of the community. I have known some shark-like lawyers, but it has also been my privilege to know others who have been good advisers without displaying the avaricious quality.

But we will give the sketch, and again thank the eminent lawyer of Rochester city for his kindness in writing it for insertion here:—

“There is a lawyer living in my neighbourhood, a rather timid man, except in the matter of charges, etc., in which respect he has the name of being unusually avaricious.

“His wife awoke him the other night out of a sound sleep, with the startling information that there was a burglar in the house. He was loth to get up, but she gently but firmly kicked him out of bed; and creeping downstairs he ran plump into the burglar. They clinched and rolled over and over, breaking the furniture and bric-à-brac, etc.; but finally the burglar succeeded, after a desperate effort, in making his escape from the lawyer's clutches without losing anything.

“The same lawyer started out with me to cross the

ocean on his summer vacation. He stood leaning on the rail, waving a last fond adieu to his friends (?) on shore, and, suddenly slipping, he fell overboard. Immediately there was a great consternation among the passengers and a rush was made to his assistance. To add terror to the scene the fin of a large man-eating shark was seen cutting the water, swiftly approaching the struggling lawyer. Every one gave him up for lost and closed their eyes with horror ; but what was their joy and surprise, when, as the shark was just opening his ponderous jaws to swallow him, the people saw a look of recognition flash in the shark's eye, and he smiled, and swam away, and the lawyer was saved."

The laughable sketch of a play Mr. Dickinson gave in responding to the encore was very well performed, and the various actors wonderfully imitated.

The fact is, the concert was A 1 throughout, and gave great satisfaction both to the audience and its originators.

It is unnecessary to add that the various items were loudly applauded, most of them being rapturously encored, and a hearty vote of thanks followed, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep, whose kindness and ability were fully appreciated and recognised by the intelligent and aristocratic audience assembled.

When the vote was taken as to the distribution of the collection (over £6), it was

almost unanimous for "the seaman's orphan," and to this was added over £14, the result of the kindly help willingly rendered by the four handsome young ladies, who sold—mark the term—the programmes.

The captain was entrusted with the fund raised, and its distribution left entirely to his discretion; and certainly it could not have been left in better hands, for I have never come across any man who bore such an exalted character, and who was held in such high esteem, not only by his crew, from the cabin boy upwards, but by every one who had come to know him.

It was no mere matter of sentiment, for his actions had proved him to be what with one voice he is declared—

"A REAL GOOD MAN!"

A noble tribute to gain: would that more of us were entitled to it! So Captain Frederick Watkins, commodore of the fleet, will hold in my recollection a very unique position, as being about the only man I have heard all to praise and none to blame.

So the poor little orphan child will not be friendless, though there is no father's care

or mother's love to make life bright and beautiful.

The best of earthly friends are gone, dear child,
And you are left in this sad, dreary wild

Almost alone ;

But do not fear, for there is One above,
Whose heart for those is full of love

Bereft of home.

No monument of love can e'er by thee
Be planted o'er thy father's grave, for he

Is now asleep

Beneath those rolling, crested billows blue,
With hardy men, from many a crew,

In slumbers deep.

But if thou livest as thy heavenly Guide
And Father should dictate, and dost not slide

From virtue's ways,

Thy life will be the monument to prove,
A child's fond love, and will induce and move

Angels to praise.

Thus may the life cut short in manhood's prime
Right onward through the flowing years of time,

In one way live ;

For through thy life, his life may onward flow,
With vast increasing force as ages go,

And fragrance give.

So, little child, look upward every day,
And strive to find and tread the better way,

And seek the truth ;

For none but this can make thee know the right,
So pray for heavenly grace, and strength, and light,

To guide thy youth.

Then may thy parents hover near, though gone,
And in their spirit form may look upon,
 With peaceful pride,
The perfect monument thy life will rear ;
So choose the heavenly way, and do not fear,
 But there abide.

On the Saturday evening we had a smoking concert on deck. I suppose the name suggests that any smoker could indulge himself in this particular if so inclined.

The performers were all of the sterner sex, so much of the grace and beauty of the previous evening's programme was not there, although the ladies in good numbers braved the dangers of the chilly night, and honoured the performance by their presence.

The concert was arranged under the able management and presidency of Mr. Walter Stanton of New York, New Jersey, and London ; and one of the best things of the whole evening was the duet he and Mr. Van Lennep gave, and which received, what it richly deserved, the hearty plaudits of a delighted company.

Our second Sunday on board proved far more like a Sunday than our first, for the bell was tolled, and those so inclined were able to attend Divine service in the saloon, which privilege

it was gratifying to notice, many availed themselves of.

This service was taken by the Rev. W. Emory Henkell, of New York, and the Rev. Father Welling, of Philadelphia—a clergyman, I believe, of the Church of England, who assumes the name of “Father,” either from the brotherhood to which he belongs, or the institution for coloured children, with which he is so honourably connected.

These gentlemen performed their duties very satisfactorily ; but some of the passengers thought it a little strange that we had no sermon from one of the many clericals who were amongst their number.

The anthem “I waited for the Lord,” arranged as a duet by Mr. Van Lennep, was very finely rendered by this gentleman and his wife, accompanied by Miss Ella Winter, who is a descendant of the celebrated Admiral Van Winter ; Mendelssohn’s “Hymn of Praise,” was also given with great refinement, and in the general hymns the congregation heartily joined.

I usually write a hymn or sacred song each Sunday when at home, so on the morning and evening of this day I fulfilled the usual task, and as a request was made to allow others

to see these, and which was not complied with,
I insert them in these pages that the expressed
desire may be gratified.

HEAVEN'S PATHWAY.

No shadows cast their misty spell
Around the pathway to that land
Where all the good hereafter dwell,
Obeying love's supreme command.

But, ah ! alas ! how often man
Turns from that pathway so serene ;
For when he sins he finds a span
Of doubt and mist will intervene.

He leaves the better road, so he
Must pay the penalty of wrong ;
Heaven's sunshine he will fail to see,
And faith will hush her trustful song.

But when forsaken is the crime,
And true repentance hates the sin,
The sun again begins to shine
And eyes are then no longer dim.

Alas ! our nature goes astray,
And e'en the best go far from God,
And do not always tread the way
Jesus, our great Example, trod.

But yet, though often we may wend
Our way, through mists which will arise,
We hope, through mercy, at the end,
To live beneath Heaven's fairer skies.

LIFE'S OCEAN.

When crossing o'er life's stormy sea,
We should think of Heaven's peaceful shore,
And all the friends we there shall see,
We know have landed there before.

The same great hardships they endured,
And patiently through cloud and storm
And darkness, by faith were assured
That they would surely see the morn.

The sparkling beauties they enjoy,
The glories which they now behold,
The brighter powers they now employ,
By mortals never can be told.

How they must long to see us there !
Oh ! what a welcome they will give,
Then we shall rest for ever where
The friends of Jesus always live.

What is life's ocean, with its fears,
Its many storms, and clouds and strife !
When every Christian knows One steers
The faithful to Eternal Life !

Make for this shore of life and peace !
Seek for the faith to trust and pray !
Think of the joys which cannot cease !
Look for the never-ending day.

Well, the sailing o'er "Life's Ocean" is very much like the uncertain seas, o'er which we often travel to see other lands whither our desires take us.

Life on the ocean has its brightness as well as its uncertainties and dangers ; but in these days, when the latter are greatly minimised and the former increased, this kind of travelling is not so bad ; for with a pleasant company the life becomes really enjoyable, after you have passed the stage of its unpleasant sensations.

One thing that created much pleasure to many was the large number of photographs to be looked at. Portraits of wives, children, and photographs of many fine homes left behind. Some of our friends had as fine a selection of "loved ones at home" as you could wish to see. One of our American passengers showed to me his wife's portrait and those of his two children. I was very much struck with the warmth of affection this gentleman displayed towards those he was returning to. From his pocket-book he disclosed two faded flowers. These he had received from his little son and daughter on leaving, and had carried them with him ever since. Some would see nothing in these withered, tiny flowers, but yet others, along with the angels, would behold

A wealth of human love, that Heaven delights to see.

Even the ship's barber had his selection of

bright faces, to remind him of those he most cared for. And while others might describe such devotion as effeminate sentimentality, I would rather join those who are prepared to sing—

May sweet affection's power still sway,
The hearts on land and sea.

Then we had many specialists on board—men prominently identified with some branch of learning or science.

We had also representatives of numerous institutions, some of whom were journeying to one or other of the many congresses to be held at the World's Fair.

The British Architects were represented by a gentleman from Devonshire; and, as far as I could understand, the principal object of the convention at Chicago was to discuss the establishment of some universal institution, whose members should have been especially trained for this important profession—something on the plan of some Trade Unions which exclude all but those having served a proper apprenticeship.

The Peace Society was well to the front; and after the conclusion of the Behring Sea arbi-

tration this useful congress, I understand, sent a telegram to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria rejoicing over this achievement without bloodshed.

The object of this Society is, no doubt, in keeping with the higher developments of Christianity, and I had a long talk with its able secretary on the subject; but the difficulty to be subdued is the question, How can one nation disarm when so many other nations would only be too ready to take an advantage? The time may come when "nation shall not rise in war against nation"; but this can only be when the nations of the earth have learned to love and honour "The Prince of Peace."

May that day soon arrive!

Some of our American passengers were rather displeased with a few opinions expressed by "Bædeker"; and one which especially gave displeasure was the following, to which habit it was stated English people would make objection:—

"And in many places the habit of spitting on the floor; but the Americans themselves are now keenly alive to these weak points, and are doing their best to remove them." See pp. 30, 31, "Bædeker's United States."

Well, one English lady assured me she sat next to an American gentleman in England, and he was guilty of this habit ; and there may be some truth in the charge, for you see on the ferry boats the request made—

“OUT OF RESPECT TO THE LADIES, ETC.”

However, the complaint could not be substantiated as of universal application, for some American gentlemen are quite as good-mannered in this respect, if not more so, than the average Englishman, or even the recognised polite Parisian ; for I saw a gentleman spit on the floor of an omnibus in the Champs Elysées, when a lady opposite pointed with her umbrella to the conspicuous notice posted up.

The remaining time of the passage passed rapidly and pleasantly, the only drawback being the fogs encountered, and the fog horn being frequently brought in requisition.

On Sunday “the pilot” boarded the steamer, and he told me their boat had been nearly run down in the fog the night before by a large Portuguese steamer. From what he said they had a hairbreadth escape, through the steamer failing to sound either whistle or horn until in such close proximity to them that escape

would have been impossible. The alarm was given, and all hands were ready for a struggle for life in an instant; but they just glided by without a collision.

These pilots who sail out in companies always run a great risk in foggy weather, and sometimes sail in the track of steamers five hundred miles from port.

These men, although pretty well remunerated, run in the face of great perils; and a life crowded with hardships and uncertainty few would care to lead, even though they could secure a large income for so doing.

On Monday morning we found ourselves in sight of land, and for hours we sailed with the Long Island panorama in full view.

Then came the usual congratulations, leave-takings, and every one seemed to use the most kindly and affectionate expressions they could find in the whole range of their vocabulary.

We received great kindness and many hearty farewells; and one gentleman evidently desired me to settle down in America, and said, "You are just the man we want!"

Well, to be promised high remuneration is certainly an inducement; but the ties in the old country are great—although, probably,

circumstances may admit of a partial compliance with the invitation at some future time, should Providence so decree.

We pass Liberty's statue, and we sail thankfully and joyfully into New York harbour, and have our first glimpse of the city we entertained such a longing desire to visit.

To reach the land to which we sail'd,
The sight of which we gladly hail'd,
In sunshine clear,
Must make the heart-bells ring with joy,
And our best vocal chords employ,
To raise a cheer.

Thus, mighty land, we welcome thee,
And if thy people are as free
As others say ;
We'll give to thee, yes, three times three,
Thou land of glorious liberty,
This joyous day.

Let thy fair Statue rightly claim,
In thee, for ages her fair name,
Thy joy and pride ;
May truth and justice in thee reign,
And co-extend with thy domain,
And e'er abide.

Thus we shall send across the sea,
Our hearty wishes oft to thee ;
For we know well
That thy best sons come from our own,
Who left long since our island home,
In thee to dwell.

Let, then, the bonds of friendship bind
Thy people and our own, and find,
 In friendship's tie
Firm union of heart and hand,
The lesser and the greater land,
 Never to die.

For brethren of one flesh and blood
Should live and love as brethren should,
 Though miles apart ;
So let each country's people prove,
The noblest impulses can move
 Each honest heart.

CHAPTER II,

NEW YORK.

Colossal city ! with another fair one by thy side,
Standing before like some great bridegroom with his wealthy
 bride,
But now joined by a bond—like love—a bridge which makes
 two one
A sight which all the world with rapturous joy may look upon.

IN the baggage-room we were met by Messrs. Cook & Son's representative, Mr. J. D. MacBurnie ; and, after our belongings had been passed by the Customs, we were conducted to carriages and conveyed to the Central Hotel, Broadway. After luncheon we had a driving excursion to see some of the wonders of the great city, which certainly are more numerous than I shall be able to describe. Our route lay up Broadway, where you see the manifest signs of a prosperous thoroughfare, which emerges in one of fine residences, churches, and cathedrals. Monster hotels also rear their lofty heads on all sides, until we reach the entrance to the beautiful Central Park, the

joy of New Yorkers, and a sight to fill the admiring stranger, coming from some parkless English town, or even Continental city, with envious feelings. This park, which is over eight hundred acres in extent, we are told, was once a most uninteresting spot ; but now the marshy ground and rocky slopes are simply the personification of horticultural architecture in its most charming glory. What with walks and drives, choice foliage, rare plants and trees, statuary, lakes, bridges, archways, and other stately belongings, the former wilderness presents to the beholder a paradise of joy. Through this fairyland we curved and whirled about, up hill and down, until we gained the road along the Hudson River, and mounted a steep gradient and pulled up before General Grant's tomb. On the rise of the hill one inquisitive policeman could not restrain his natural proclivity, but trotted along with our carriage, and inquired, "What do you represent?"

"The Society of Arts of Great Britain," was my reply ; and he seemed quite satisfied.

The river from the famous General's tomb is truly magnificent, and the situation has no doubt been chosen on this account ; but at present the immediate surroundings are of a

dreary and desolate character, which no doubt will soon be altered when the proposed elaborate monument is erected over the spot. I have seen somewhere the accepted design for this, and in course of years this barren, uninviting sight will be made in keeping with the park scenery and that flanking the Hudson River below.

A little farther we descend and pass under one of the many elevated railways, for which American cities are so famous, and whose sharp curves make the amateur beholder wonder more accidents do not occur. Then our string of carriages enters the park again; and one of our party, of an ornithological turn of mind, is very anxious to know the name of a bird found here in large numbers, about the size of a thrush, with red breast and brown-black body. This they call the American robin, and we were informed that it belonged to the migratory species. How small our little English robin redbreast would appear! But this comparison is on a par with almost everything else in this country, for when we come to examine the vast American continent with our own island at home, we can find a reason why even the very birds should be of larger growth.

Good John Newton said there would be three wonders in heaven : (1) To find many there he never expected to see ; (2) to miss many he did expect to see ; (3) to find himself there.

In the magnificent palace of Versailles the guide, in describing the fine collection of pictures, makes a special point of explaining one more especially. It is a fine painting of a former emperor in the act of asking a visitor, probably of low birth, what was the most remarkable thing he saw in the palace—the greatest curiosity. “The greatest curiosity is myself,”—*i.e.*, he was so astonished to find himself amidst such splendour.

Well, after owning our surprise at finding ourselves viewing this giant city and its environs, some may want us to divulge to them our impressions as to which were the features which struck us the most. They are many ; but a few shall be enumerated for the satisfaction of inquirers, though probably each member of our party might be disposed to give a preferential position to some one in particular.

The Christian rejoices to see the many evidences of Christianity, if only those displayed by the numerous costly temples made with hands.

The civil engineer would probably praise

the glories of Brooklyn Bridge, and give you innumerable details : tell you of its great length, nearly 6000 feet, something less than 100 feet wide ; has railway tracks, carriage ways, foot-paths ; swallowed cargoes of iron, stone, steel, cement, etc., in its construction ; cost about £3,000,000 ; is the most gigantic suspension bridge in the world, and employed—well, I cannot say how many hundred men some thirteen years to complete.

The railway-man would give you a graphic account of the overhead and other railways : the way they carry whole trains on the ferry-barges across the water ; the vestibule cars, of which America is very proud ; the difference in engine arrangements to those at home ; and the thousands upon thousands of miles of iron rails having their termini here and across the river.

The timid man would no doubt inform you of the terrible risk of foot-passengers being blown high in the air through the explosions of boilers, which are placed beneath the foot-ways ; or the tremendous danger through the constant rush of cable-cars along a crowded street like Broadway, and which certainly go far swifter than those in our quiet suburban thoroughfares.

The temperance man, especially of the blue ribbon order, would deplore that, although this is a great city for the signs of fraternities, whose buttons or ribbons you see in many coats, and though you also behold other decorations of societies or educational institutions, yet the blue ribbon is nowhere to be seen, although this is the first city of the land of its adoption. Then he would also, perhaps, be a little astonished to hear some very curious stories about the great temperance "orators"—the men who could not make a respectable, sensible speech to save their lives; men who had to pay others to write something for them before sailing to gullible England—to come back laden with riches, as the result of their commercial speculation and the less wideawake British teetotallers' capacity of being taken in and done for; while the real temperance man sighs that, in spite of his protestations, a good and holy movement should have been willingly rendered subservient to the demands of those whose greed of gain will permit them to stoop to anything to serve their miserable ends.

The architect would look in vain for the old shanty-like construction which once stood beside its more pretentious companion, which

latter in the leading streets is now being rapidly supplanted by something even more imposing ; and his associate the builder would gaze with interested eyes at the many fine buildings now in course of erection ; for New York presents a busier scene in this respect than perhaps any English or Continental city at the present time.

The man with a good appetite would scan the well-filled hotel *ménu* with great satisfaction ; and the drinker the full list of wines, with a selection of drinks special to this country which for variety would perhaps stand unique.

Washington worshippers would perhaps give the palm to the fine arch and square bearing this honoured name. Young men from the country would probably put A 1, as a curiosity, seeing scores of coloured waiters at the hotels instead of the white faces they had been accustomed to.

Well, what a host of things there are, more or less uncommon ! But if pressed for a direct answer as to what struck me the most, I should confess it was seeing well-dressed, shiny-hatted gentlemen in the evening, when retiring, carrying large white jugs to the passenger lift ; and I was some time gazing with wonder before

asking what this custom meant. I found these jugs to be full of ice, and I requested one gentleman to say if he was carrying this load to cool his bedroom. No, to drink ! For be it known that American citizens consume, without exaggeration, buckets of ice-water, and think so much of this luxury, or necessity, whichever it may be, that a fund is established by a leading New York journal for the purpose of giving free grants of ice to the poor during the hot weather, just on the principle of our soup-kitchens in the depth of winter.

Well, there is something for every one to make a note of, for those artistically inclined are not left without subject-matter more than sufficient. The business man may feel his mouth water when seeing how things are managed here ; the man of literary tastes finds scope for research. But, oh my ! the newspaper proprietors, editors, and journalists of the old country stand bewildered at the spectacle presented. Our country pressman, seeing the puffs and puns, the sallies, jocular wisdom, and the funny illustrations, the personal matters, the new style, go-ahead leaders, the distinctive phraseology, the boundless invention of specials, etc., etc., may well sink in

his chair, shade his face with his hands, and sit in dreamy contemplations ; and, perhaps, rise up exclaiming, " What on earth are we coming to ? "

Let us at once, then, awaken to the fact that, in many respects, " we're not in it " ; and we are left far behind in the race, although in some few particulars it is quite as well that we should be.

After seeing the style of newspaper siftings and gushing illuminations, the electrifying paragraphs, with flaming headings, I no longer wonder, living under such influences, why " Rosie " could pen that wonderfully conceived and phrased love-letter which I had an opportunity of reading a few years ago. I have carried the lady's eye within the case of my watch ever since ; and, just think, I actually had left New York far away before remembering that she lived there !

But I will relate how the eye came in my possession, as it is connected with a curious coincidence which is well worth recording. One morning I entered an office, and a gentleman seated at the table was drawing a lady's face. This he showed to me ; and when he began to tear the picture in pieces, I begged the eye—for there was only one, the portrait being a side view. I became immensely in-

terested in the story respecting this lady—in fact, so much so, that my friend allowed me to read a very remarkable letter, dated from the Isle of Man.

It appears that this lady was accustomed, before going to reside in New York, to visit this Island pretty frequently ; and some years afterwards my friend thought, when on the Island, to go to the house where this lady formerly stayed, to ask if the people had heard anything about her. Just imagine his surprise when, before reaching the house, he met the very lady coming from it !

Well, I must not tell too much. Suffice it to say, the lady was so grieved at his departure from the Island, when his stay was completed, that she wrote to tell him so, and stated that her tears were “as salt as the briny waves.”

Wonderful letter, and most marvellous circumstances under which to write it ! and, perhaps, some day, though now miles apart, they may come together, and the marriage bells ring their happy chimes. What I regret is that I did not bear a verbal message of affection from my friend to cheer the lady’s heart in these years of suspense.

Farewell, Rosie ! If I ever see you it will,

I hope, be to offer you my sincere congratulations, that you have obtained, what I think every faithful woman ought to have—*i.e.*, the man she loves.

For woman, who can weep the tears
As salt as briny waves,
Should be rewarded with success,
And gain what her heart craves ;
That is, if they are genuine tears,
Which do the heart reveal,
Responding to the longing wish
Its hidden depths may feel.

But woman may deception show !
Her tears be but a sham !
Such is the argument of doubt
Repeated oft by man.
And though excuses there may be
Why he this fear displays,
Yet there are women who won't stoop
To art's deceptive ways.
Though others, sad, alas ! to say,
Will practise this vile art ;
And just pretend the flowing tears
Are records of the heart.

Thus man may often seasons spend
In seeking to define
What is the false, what is the true ;
And then he finds the time
Is only lost, for woman's ways
Are hard to understand :
So he gives up the vain attempt,
And keeps in doubting land.

But some, if they could well decide
That genuine is the spring
From which the rolling tears do flow,
They instantly would bring
The healing balm, and would present
Their all with manly grace :
To stay the burning tears which mar
The beauty of the face ;
For know, the best of men desire
The whole love of a heart,
And, finding this, they would soon play
The loyal lover's part.

So, ladies, love as ladies should,
And keep this fact in view,
For you will find this secret will
Prove almost more than true ;
For many men have talked to me,
And have not been above
Unfolding in the "hermit's" ear
Their wondrous tales of love.

Messrs. Cook & Son had made every provision for our party, and it was a happy idea not to monopolise all the time by specially arranged details, but to leave the various members to their own resources a little.

Our first evening in New York was spent just as each one felt inclined ; and we were provided, before starting on our tour westward, with illuminated souvenirs, and a copy I now append.

Visit of the Society of Arts to America and the
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

MEMBERS' SOUVENIR.

Under the Arrangements of THOS. COOK & SON,
261 & 262, Broadway, New York.

Chief Office : LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, ENG.

LIST OF MEMBERS

OF THE

SOCIETY OF ARTS PARTY.

From Southampton, Saturday, July 22, '93, per s.s. *Berlin*
(5,526 tons).

Captain, FREDERICK WATKINS.

Chief Officer, F. M. PASSOW.

Purser, JOHN A. REED.

From New York, Wednesday, Aug. 16, '93, per s.s. *Paris*
(10,500 tons).

Captain, WM. G. RANDLE.

Chief Officer, JAS. THOMPSON.

Purser, STUART W. MILLER.

Thos. Cook & Son's Special Representatives :

MR. F. J. BALLARD.

MR. J. D. MACBURNIE.

THOS. COOK & SON,

261 & 262, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Chief Office, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Established 1841.

Souvenir List of Members.

Mr. Arthur Barclay	<i>London</i>
Mr. William Briggs	<i>Cambridge</i>
Mr. Frederick Cleeves	<i>Rotherham</i>
Mrs. Cleeves	<i>Rotherham</i>
Mr. W. B. Fitch	<i>Eltham</i>
Mr. William Glead, M.A.	<i>London</i>
Mr. A. S. Herschel	<i>Slough</i>
Mr. Charles E. Keyser	<i>Watford</i>
Mr. Thomas Knowles	<i>Southport</i>
Mr. T. J. Knowles	<i>Southport</i>
Major L'Aker	<i>Boscombe</i>
Mr. H. G. Lloyd	<i>London</i>
Mr. G. Lyon	<i>Watford</i>
Rear-Admiral J. P. Maclear	<i>Cranleigh</i>
Mr. A. B. Mitchell	<i>Edgbaston</i>
Mr. R. A. Naylor	<i>Warrington</i>
Miss Naylor	<i>Warrington</i>
Mr. H. Joseph Paget	<i>Mansfield</i>
Mrs. Paget	<i>Mansfield</i>
Mr. Charles Paine	<i>London</i>
Mr. G. H. Paine	<i>London</i>
Mr. Gilbert Purvis	<i>London</i>
Mrs. Purvis	<i>London</i>
Mr. P. E. Rowlands	<i>London</i>
Mr. P. J. Rowlands	<i>London</i>
Capt. G. Colquhoun Sconce	<i>Dublin</i>
Mrs. Sconce	<i>Dublin</i>
Mr. H. A. Stuart	<i>Bletchley</i>
Mr. Rupert Swindells	<i>Bowdon</i>
Mr. J. Terry	<i>London</i>
Mr. Arthur A. West	<i>Theydon Bois</i>
Mr. J. A. West	<i>Theydon Bois</i>
Miss Williamson	<i>Mansfield</i>
Mrs. Middlehurst	<i>Pandelbury</i>
Miss Middlehurst	<i>Pandelbury</i>

Daily Itinerary.

SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

- Saturday, July 22.*—Leave London, and sail from Southampton per s.s. *Berlin*.
- Monday, July 31.*—Arrive in New York.
- Tuesday, August 1.*—Leave New York for Washington, the Capital of the United States.
- Wednesday, August 2.*—Leave Washington for Chicago.
- Thursday, August 3.*—Arrive in Chicago.
- Friday, August 4.* }
Saturday, August 5. } In Chicago.
Sunday, August 6. }
Monday, August 7. }
- Tuesday, August 8.*—Leave Chicago for Niagara Falls.
- Wednesday, August 9.*—Arrive at Niagara Falls.
- Thursday, August 10.*—At Niagara Falls.
- Friday, August 11.*—Leave Niagara Falls for Toronto, arriving same day, and leave for Montreal by steamer down the St. Lawrence.
- Saturday, August 12.*—Arrive in Montreal.
- Sunday, August 13.*—Day of rest in Montreal.
- Monday, August 14.*—Leave Montreal. Arrive Albany.
- Tuesday, August 15.*—Arrive New York.
- Wednesday, August 16.*—Sail from New York per s.s. *Paris*.

List of Hotels

AT WHICH THE PARTY WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

<i>New York</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Broadway Central Hotel</i>
<i>Washington</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Ebbitt House</i>
<i>Chicago</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Lexington Hotel</i>
<i>Niagara Falls</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Clifton House</i>
<i>Toronto</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Queen's Hotel</i>
<i>Montreal</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>The Windsor</i>
<i>Albany</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>Delavan House</i>

These souvenirs were much appreciated by the members; and tourist agents never lose anything by doing a little over what they stipulate. Mr. F. J. Ballard, our special conductor, we found most gentlemanly and obliging, and our acknowledgments were duly tendered in a most pleasing fashion on our return to this city. Mr. J. D. MacBurnie—his able assistant—also deserves a note of praise for his kindly attentions during that portion of the tour we were favoured with his company. Now, if you ask me, in concluding my first notice of New York: “What do you think of it?” I should reply,

A dazzling whirl of busy strife,
Where dollars rule the sway ;
A city full of active life,
The New York of to-day.

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON.

A city where the autocrat in pleasure may reside,
With hosts, who need no bidding, to fraternise with
pride ;
A place where would-be senators in all their grandeur
roam,
Although their country's weal demands that some should
stay at home.

ON Tuesday morning, August 1st, we bade farewell for a season to the great commercial metropolis of the United States, which, along with Brooklyn, will probably possess, when the twentieth century commences, a population greater than the number of days in ten thousand years.

We took our seats on the huge ferry boat, and some of our party thought they were only seated on the landing stage when we were half-way across the river.

We were all immensely interested in reading the account of ourselves in one of the New

York dailies, which devoted half a column, with the heading—

“VISITORS FROM ENGLAND.”

“Arrival of a Royal Commission, which will examine the British Section.”

The Society of Arts was then described, and the names of our party inserted.

It was stated that our steamer had been delayed by storms, and this accounted for our late arrival; then the details of an interview with one of the party were graphically described, and before giving our programme for the journey we read the following paragraph:—

“The members are all wealthy, and in a majority of cases are retired merchants and manufacturers, who, in the autumn of their lives, are devoting themselves to the careful study of the industrial and commercial problems of the day.”

Well, I believe some of our party were very wealthy, for we had at least one genuine English millionaire with us; and no doubt the latter clause of the paragraph is quite correct, for there are problems to solve, the solution of which will undoubtedly require the application of other principles than those advocated by

schools, by which we may have been blindly led in the past, but whose theories will not stand the test of practical examination, or the light of knowledge gained from and supported by absolute facts. Therefore, in the study of such problems it is necessary to drive away prejudice and preconceived ideas, and face manfully the stern reality; and if our conclusions are not received with acclamation, yet if they will stand the test of investigation then additional light will in due course appear and their truthfulness will be fully recognised.

This suggestive clause will therefore be my excuse for much of the matter inserted in this volume. On reaching the New Jersey side of the river, we were duly placed in a fine vestibuled car, *en route* for Washington by the "Royal Blue Line" express train, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Certainly it was express with a vengeance, the speed at some points being rather too express, for—

Though the tossing about on the sea was o'er
Yet we were well in for a tossing on shore.
Decide which is "wusset,"—oh! can you decree?
For I cannot say that either did suit me.

In passing from one car to another I got

rather an ugly knock, and probably others who tried a walking experiment would be similarly treated.

The first place of importance we reached was Philadelphia, the third largest city in the United States, and possessing a very attractive history, beside being a fine, well-to-do city founded by William Penn, who purchased the site from the Indians. It is a great business centre, and many of the heavier manufactures are carried on here. Locomotives and ships are sent out in great numbers, and at the present time several large steamers are in course of construction for "the American Line," which, I understand, has to be heavily subsidised by the Government, conditionally that these steamers were made in the United States; and I should not be surprised to hear sooner or later that the bounty system will be adopted. Well, these ways of encouraging home industries would simply horrify our Cobdenites, who have persuaded themselves to believe a great deal more than Richard Cobden ever taught, for which he ought not to be held responsible, and which he probably would have strenuously opposed, had he lived to see that the main principle on which he founded his creed had

not been accepted by those he calculated would in due course see its wisdom.

This, no doubt, will eventually be well ventilated and discussed, when our working men begin to see Trade Unionism has done all in its power in the direction of increasing wages, and become absolutely useless, if unaided by fiscal arrangements, in compelling British manufacturers to continue purchasing labour at a price which, unfortunately in many cases, means a positive loss.

I have for several years been investigating the position of one of our industries, and trying to draw a right conclusion from the results of many inquiries ; and I am forced to admit, although reluctantly, that in this particular trade there cannot be any profit made by the employment of labour, but in many cases the very reasonable profit put on the materials used is encroached upon to make the wage sheet balance.

The possibility of such an event can, to a great extent, be substantiated by our co-operative societies ; for while they confine their operations to buying and selling they succeed, but the moment they commence manufacturing they generally find an opposite result. There-

fore by it two things are proved: (1) That co-operation on the ready cash principle is a money-making institution when confined to trading; (2) When the labour question comes in co-operation finds it difficult to make a profit. The ordinary trader is placed at a disadvantage; for co-operation, as in England displayed, injures the shopkeeper by taking his ready-money customers, whom he could afford to treat quite as liberally as any society can. In fact, hundreds of capitalists would be delighted to embark on such a venture as even increasing the benefits now gained by the admirers of, and participators in, the co-operative system. Therefore this much-lauded idea cannot suggest a remedy for the difficulty.

The philosophy of a business friend, who has just retired after years of hard work, struck me as offering a key to the situation English trade now presents.

What were his reasons for retiring? The main one was to retain what by industry he had obtained, and the danger was that if he continued in business his capital might vanish.

Why? Here are his conclusions: (1) Working men want more wages; (2) They give less work than previously for a smaller wage;

(3) The prices I receive are lower. Now analyse, in any way you will, these three facts, and you cannot come to any other conclusion than that there is something somewhere wrong.

What is it? This is the problem. Solve it satisfactorily, and you will bless and benefit both employer and employed.

The outlook for us is certainly not encouraging, though we were first in the field—were rich, when others were poor, and had the best chance.

Have we lost it?

Foreign nations close their doors by prohibitive tariffs against our manufactures; our own colonies are growing angry, because we will not show them the slightest favour in the direction of mutual reciprocity, and I suppose the primary result will be that capital and labour will have a great war, and while interested onlookers gaze with satisfaction, we shall have to pay the piper by losing a still further slice of our trade. Unfortunately, labour combinations will not view the situation in a matter-of-fact light, and even some of our manufacturers display the same ignorance. Here is a case. A friend of mine, who had seen one branch of his business slain by the foreigner, was one day

approached by a deputation of traders in respect to another, then trembling in the balance. Their proposal was for the trade to combine and decline to sell below a certain price. My friend was a man of wisdom, and could see at a glance that this was simply inviting the foreign competitor to step in without the slightest opposition. It was simply a request for the murderer to do the deed at once, without that postponement consequent upon resistance.

But to return to Philadelphia. I have had such a picture drawn by one of its wealthy inhabitants that I wish I could find one English town or city of which the same might be said. Business men make money, which they ought to do, and one said to me, "If you can manage to live in England you would gain wealth here." The same, after a fashion, might be said of the working man; and from what I can gather a real good workman with a trade in his fingers, in more places beside Philadelphia, by industry and skill can live in comfort, have his own house, and save well-nigh as much as he could earn in our own country.

Here capitalists and labourers have their due reward; and the former would rather smile if I

told them the small margin of profit some of our manufacturers receive for a vast deal more worry, anxiety, and trouble.

Philadelphia has much to boast of beside her increasing commerce, her happy homes, or even the hundreds of churches she possesses. She has a very beautiful park, and I think I am right in describing it as the largest public city park in the world. However, I have heard of its glories and the beautiful river it skirts on both sides ; in fact, such wonders have been told of "Fairmount Park," and all the other attractions of this prosperous place, that we felt almost inclined to stay a little, but we did not like to leave our company.

My chief informant was not one of those unreliable men who make everything too large, for he proved to be just the opposite. He stated the park contained 2500 acres, and I find upon inquiring that I may safely add another 500 to this ; so you see not all American citizens possess that stretching capacity which is generally associated with the tall stories we hear.

The railway crosses the river here, I understand, almost 200 ft. above the water level ; and if I had any voice in American railway management, or the state department dealing

with them, I should certainly demand an immediate inquiry as to the stability of all railway bridges by a properly qualified and constituted authority. My impression is that many of them are very unsafe ; and after examining the massive bridges the railway companies have compelled the Manchester Ship Canal Company to construct, I consider some of these American bridges very flimsy, and now that engines and rolling stock are much heavier than when they were designed they seem quite inadequate to stand safely the strain to which they are subjected.

America, you are far behind us in your respect for life and limb, and you would do well to copy us in some things, although you are far ahead of us in others. Let us learn from each other, and make each other wise !

The next great city we reach is Baltimore, christened after Lord Baltimore, and now famous for numerous manufactures ; the canning and tanning trades occupying a respectable position, and it is a great export place for grain, lumber, etc., and has a population of about half a million.

English travellers experience the novelty of being ferried over a river, train and all

complete ; and, if so minded, you can alight and stand on the huge barge and watch the arrangements for gaining the metals on the other side.

Our British farmers might be interested to know that 50,000 tons of hay were being shipped from here to the British Isles.

The Americans do not travel about the world for nothing ; the gentleman who gave me the above information before leaving the s.s. *Berlin* informed me England wanted hay, France corn, etc., etc. ; and so they visit these various countries and find out these items of information for themselves. I rather think he had a hand in this large shipment of hay, but whoever made the speculation must have secured a fine advantage, especially if one report I saw in a newspaper should prove correct :

“It is claimed that baled hay sells for fifty dollars a ton in England. The buyers get it in Dakota for two dollars per ton, and pay the expenses of baling and shipping.” The latter figure I think must be a misprint—if not, the profit would be enormous ; but it is highly probable the selling price is magnified and the buying figure understated.

A good luncheon is provided *en route*, and we

arrived at Washington at 4.30 in the afternoon. Of course the next morning paper had its half-column of matter, but differed in some particulars, for the *Washington Journal* made our society double the age of its New York contemporary.

The concluding paragraph ran as follows: "The Commissioners are men of wealth and leisure, most of whom have retired from business. They are stalwart, healthy-looking Englishmen, with ruddy cheeks, typical of the upper classes, and run to rough brown tweeds in their attire. Except for the weather, which they find too torrid for their tastes, they express themselves unanimously as much pleased with America."

The great sight in Washington is the Capitol, her crowning glory, of which she may be justly proud, for it is a nobly designed structure, well worthy of the political capital of the United States.

The situation, Capitol Hill, is much finer for effect than that on which our own Houses of Parliament are erected, although you have not here the evidences of antiquity, and no venerable abbeys on which long centuries have gazed. The guide-book informs you "the plan

of the city is unique"; "the city of Philadelphia griddled across the city of Versailles." Whatever this may mean let every reader decide for himself; but it is quite certain the approaches to the Capitol, and the general effect presented, clearly indicate that the designer had a good idea of Continental cities, and you feel like ascending the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, or mounting the well-wooded road to the magnificent palace of Versailles, or walking up Karl Johans Gade to the king's palace at Christiania.

The Capitol is really fine, and of course you may pardon the pride of Americans who claim it to be the grandest public edifice in the world. Such may be the case, and I am not going to dispute it, for its imposing dimensions make a great impression on those who can appreciate such an architectural success.

The building covers three and a half acres; and the grounds, which are decorated with fountains and statuary, comprise about fifty acres. These, I gather from the local newspaper, require the constant care of twenty-five gardeners, while the same number of men are employed scrubbing the corridors and steps of the building.

At the hotel a chaste little book is presented to visitors, and this gives good views of the various places of interest, and also sundry information respecting them. The Capitol is stated to be 752 ft. 4 in. in length ; its breadth 324 ft. ; and its majestic dome is 380 ft. above the level of the Potomac. General Washington laid the corner stone of the original building in 1793, which was completed in 1811, burned by the British in 1814, and the rebuilding finished in 1827.

We had no opportunity of testing these dimensions, but if incorrect the blame must fall on the compiler of "Washington and its Environs."

We were escorted over the place by a duly appointed guide, who showed to us the two houses where the big speeches are made and the stormy debates take place ; fortunately, the representatives and senators were not sitting, for I understand shortly afterwards one man made a speech lasting three days, and, like other long speeches, had little or nothing in it. They say that there are 205 lawyers in the present congress ; and it has been cruelly suggested that it is curious the mouth of the Mississippi River has never been elected. I

suppose on account of its wide, windy mouth ; for it is stated that even a great hurricane had its attention called to the terrific wind constantly in action under the dome of the Capitol, and at once dropped its conquering wings and passed by. Well, the most honourable the president of this Republic has cracked his joke at the expense of the British House of Commons, to restore the equilibrium of the Capitol's amateurs ; but it is of no use, Mr. P——, you have the worst of it. Our scene was a disgrace to Parliamentary usage, but yours was a much greater, and well might *The Galignani Messenger* beneath its account place these sensible words : “ This is very amusing reading, but one is tempted to ask whether it would not more fitly figure as a passage descriptive of farcical comedy, rather than of the actual procedure of the American Legislature in the settlement of a question of the highest import.”

They have a few pictures in the Capitol, but if the money paid for some is the price stated, even Americans can be taken in and done for. The library we found in rather a disordered condition, for the space seems inadequate for the large number of books ; but probably some

of these will be transferred to the splendid new library now being erected a few hundred yards away. There are some very fine echoes to be heard beneath the dome, and in one case the repeating voice seems to come from beneath your feet. I was rather amused with the label of a chair, which was carefully placed within a roped enclosure. I thought sure enough this was a precious relic of bygone days ; but when I ventured to stride over the rope, and turn the label, I found these words : "This chair belongs to the policeman of the senate gallery."

Well done, policeman ! Keep up your dignity, for you are well paid, for you and your associates cost the country \$39,000 a year for guarding the edifice. What do you think of that, Mr. English Policeman ? for an ordinary man of your profession in some parts of this country receives his £250 a year, and a pension of £100 after so many years' service ; or if a man dies his wife and family receive very generous treatment. Each representative and senator receives \$416 a month —*i.e.*, every month ; this I calculate to mean \$2,232,000 a year for the two assemblies ; and although this is a big sum, I venture to affirm that America could have her affairs better attended to for nothing,

for her best citizens would not stoop to receive such a sum for their services, as they can make a vast deal more by attending to their business ; though many of them would gladly become members of these parliamentary assemblies, if they could be rid of the lower-class men who are tempted to go there through payment, and what they can make through bribery and corruption.

Every one knows the system wants cleansing, and well would it be for the American continent if her best men would make the heavy sacrifice a sterling patriotism demands.

Municipal affairs in some cities are in the same sad state ; and I need only mention, as a sample, New York city, and call attention to what is now public property—the notorious cases of downright swindling that in recent years have taken place.

Let those persons in England now clamouring for payment of members look at the state of other legislatures, where money-purchased patriotism reigns ; nay, see the state of our own House of Commons, now degraded before all the civilised world. And why ? Because some of the members are already paid, if not by the state by private individuals

or associations. And before our eyes we have a sample of the men money can purchase, and as a result some of our wisest men leave the political arena in disgust.

See the grave crisis America is passing through at the present time, which has necessitated calling her legislatures together to prevent further trouble.

The Silver question is on every one's lips, and the newspapers full of it.

But why this difficulty? Why was the Silver Bill ever passed? There are suspicious rumours circulating which certainly appear to be founded on fact, and which answer the question.

Things will soon right themselves, but after a season of suffering and anxiety which is all self-inflicted.

If while repealing the Silver Act, or suspending it, whichever it may be, the act sanctioning the payment of representatives and senators were also repealed, the legislature would be relieved of its worst members, and better men would be found to fill their places; for you cannot get a priceless service given for a mere money consideration.

My best wish for America is, that her congressmen may be as substantial as her Capitol,

for this noble pile gives you an idea of well-selected materials, erected upon a solid foundation.

Our next visit was to the Executive mansion, usually called the White House, which is also bounded by extensive and well-laid-out grounds. We were conducted through the state parlours, in which hang good portraits, and the official makes a special point of telling us how many dollars a yard the wall-hangings have cost.

This establishment is the official residence of the President for the time being, and not a bad place either.

There is one thing that any careful observer cannot fail to notice : that, in spite of all the loud talk of the glories of a republic, there is, nevertheless, a strong undercurrent of feeling which plaintively and silently sighs for a monarchy. Society requires this, honesty pleads for it, and a deep-rooted longing for permanency and rest appeals for it. In the face, however, of an overpowering element, the public advocacy of these inwardly felt sentiments has no place ; but the onlooker sees signs of its growing existence in "Royal" this and "Royal" that read and duly noted on all hands. America, we are to the front of you ; for we have, thank

Heaven! in reality what your most enlightened people greatly long for.

Deny you may, but facts are facts all the world over, and they speak with no uncertain sound.

We now pass to the Treasury Building, a \$7,000,000 erection of fine comprehension, where we saw the stamping of the American greenbacks, and the worn-out ones cut up, to be transferred to the pulp mill, thence on to the manufacturer to construct all sorts of animals, ornaments, etc., for visitors to purchase as curiosities.

CONTENTS OF VAULTS IN U. S. TREASURER'S OFFICE.

AMOUNT.	DESCRIPTION.
\$93,250,000	Standard silver dollars.
56,000,000	Standard silver dollars.
21,363,000	Gold coin.
63,000	Fractional silver.
3,500,000	National bank notes received for redemption.
1,000,000	Mixed moneys received daily for redemption.
1,000,000	Mixed moneys for daily use.
200,000,000	Bonds held as security for N. B. circulation, etc.
277,000,000	Held as reserve to replace worn and mutilated notes unfit for circulation.
653,176,000	Total weight of coin about 5000 tons.

In the afternoon we had a long drive, led by a four-in-hand coach, by the great Washington Statue, 550 ft. high, the State, War and Navy

Buildings, and on through the 500-acre park in which stands the Soldier's Home. This was founded in 1851, soon after the Mexican war, and was suggested by General Scott. This white marble building, with its church-like tower, forms a conspicuous object in the landscape, and can be seen many miles distant. It is one of the main features in the panorama you behold from the Capitol, some three miles away. This institution is specially founded for the benefit of aged and invalid soldiers, and they pass their days here in the midst of the most comfortable and ample provision made to bring joy to their existence—for they are well fed, well clothed, and carefully tended, beside having a palace-like home to live in.

Some of the presidents, we hear, reside in a part of this Home occasionally; and it is said the famous Lincoln passed here some of the last hours of his life before his assassination.

It stands aloft, "The Soldier's Home,"
Build in a splendid style,
Where warriors, in their closing days,
In luxury beguile
The weeks, or months, or maybe years
Making the span of life;
Where enemies attack no more,
Away from war and strife,

And where the charms of nature reign,
Comfort and peace abound,
And many bright embellishments
Both in and out are found.

America may well be proud
Of this erection fine,
In keeping with her generous thoughts,
With which her acts combine
To make her soldiers' latter days
The golden days of those
Who can be free from worldly strife
And find a calm repose.

Ah ! favoured warriors, few there are
In lands beside your own
Who revel in such luxuries
And have your stately home ;
Live in surroundings of such worth,
Receive attentions great,
For most of what you do enjoy
Is paid for by the state.

Oh ! happy soldiers ! happy state,
That can afford such things !
But happier far the future bright
If in its train it brings
The blessing of a world-wide peace,
When war shall no more be,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall live in unity.

Returning through the woods, we see the
Capitol through what I may call "The Lover's

Peep-hole," an opening in the trees through which lovers may walk, and beneath a long line of shady boughs speak their tales of love with only the happy birds to join in the chorus.

Ah, love! sweet love! should I ever know thee, may I find such a delightful avenue wherein to sing thy praises!

Away we roll at a rattling pace down the hill, and are soon landed at our hotel. O ye timid people! how would you like to lodge in a city where a notice like this, in large characters, is found near your bedroom door?—

EBBITT HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

Notice.

BOLT AND LOCK YOUR DOORS!

LOOK OUT FOR HOTEL THIEVES!

TAKE VALUABLES TO THE OFFICE!

**The House has Police and Watchmen on every Floor
Night and Day.**

PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH FIRES AND MATCHES.

See Fire Escapes on each Floor!

If this notice is necessary in one of the most respectable hotels in the place, what should we find in one of the others?

Blood-curdling notices, to end in ghostly dreams.

Some of us went to see the building where about twenty Government clerks had just lost their lives, and over double that number injured through the falling of a floor; and I believe this was the very same house or theatre where President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. The outside gave no evidences of collapse, but this can be accounted for by the manner of constructing American houses. Many of the large business places and institutions now being erected seem all framed together with iron, and the floors put in before the outer walls, which are usually of great thickness, are built. These latter are mainly storm-resisting casements, and are not considered as materially required for floor pressure purposes.

It was tampering with the foundations of the inside erection which caused this terrible catastrophe in Washington; and owing to some dislocation which was not observed the floor of the building fell with a crash, and such deplorable consequences followed. Our time

in Washington was very limited, but we saw more than sufficient to enable us to leave this beautiful city with lofty ideas of its fine residences, noble institutions, and well-made streets; for, be it known, and to the credit of Congress be it spoken, that what we should term its municipal affairs were managed by Congress direct; and its electric-lighted streets, its well-arranged tramways, its wide, well-laid thoroughfares, and numberless other things, speak to the ability displayed by those answerable for its management.

If the City Paving Committee of the New York Council would come here, and follow the good example set, we should not find great busy streets paved with 14 in. setts, and those ugly holes about the curbstones which are so dangerous to life and limb.

“RENDER THEREFORE TO ALL THEIR DUES.”

You ask, what have we to say about Washington in closing this chapter? Well, this—

Her legislative system I abhor and hate,
But yet to this fine city I don't hesitate

To give a splendid name.

Trusting she will heed Wisdom's voice in this her day,
Lest others in the future may with trueness say,

Her glory is her shame.

CHAPTER IV.

CHICAGO.

A place of quick-built greatness, but mightier far to be,
To grace the shores of Michigan, the splendid inland sea ;
A city whose surprising leaps reads like a fairy page,
Which history, unadorned, declares the wonder of the
age.

LEAVING Washington, we had instead of a twenty-four hours' ride what proved to be twenty-seven before we landed at Chicago, that mighty city of the West. Soon after leaving the capital our saloon was converted into a sleeping apartment, from which most of us emerged in the early morning, to view a different and more elevating kind of scenery than that to which our railway travelling had previously introduced us. We reached Pittsburg in fairly good time, and breakfasted at a clean, well-appointed hotel near the station. We were allowed about an hour, but could not in that short space see much of this great, industrial, busy city, to which the recent disastrous strike had drawn

our special attention. I wonder what William Pitt would say, could he offer an opinion of this city, called after him, and now one of the chief manufacturing cities in the United States !

Here the great Westinghouse Electric Plant Works finds a home, employing thousands of hands ; and since passing through Pittsburg, I have had the pleasure of a long conversation with one of the partners of this enterprising concern—a gentleman of high intelligence, and a great authority on electrical matters. It is a great treat to meet with such a well-informed man, who can enlighten you on so many subjects about which you are trying to gain knowledge.

In and around this city are the immense iron interests of Carnegie, Phipps, & Co., a concern with a capital of \$25,000,000, the major portion of which is still held by Mr. Carnegie himself.

Natural gas is found here ; but, unfortunately, in former days it was wasted to such an enormous extent that it was even used for cooling the glass houses. Now it is better preserved, and used extensively for cooking purposes, for its heating properties are much greater than coal gas ; and from the statistics the gentleman above mentioned favoured me

with, I find they are about the proportion of 3 to 2—in other words 50 per cent. greater.

This city has a population of several hundred thousand, and according to a local newspaper, which has devoted a large space to the subject, they are very fond of water melons and cantaloupes, which is a melon of a smaller size ; but the water melon, we are told, is supposed to be the same as in Numbers xi. 5. These come from Georgia, and the farmer sells them there at 2 or 3 cents each, but the commission brokers in Pittsburg obtain from \$18 to \$25 a hundred, and they are retailed from 35 to 50 cents each, so there seems a good margin for railway companies, shippers, commission men, and retailers.

At this season of the year the Pittsburgians are eating these luscious green striped ovals at the rate of from fifteen to thirty thousand a day. The wine drinkers have a special way of dealing with them. They make an opening at one side, pour in a quart of good claret, then plug up the aperture, place the melon in chopped ice until the wine has saturated it, then bring to the table for consumption.

This “smoky city” or “iron city”—both appellations have been bestowed upon it—has

many things to interest the man of business, and the student of the science of commerce might do worse than spend a little time here, where at present he would notice, through the feeling of uncertainty existing, a key to unravel more than one business problem.

One of our party had the misfortune to put his shoulder out ; but with his own knowledge and "the admiral's" assistance this was soon righted. This gentleman was also seized with a violent illness ; but I was very glad that before leaving home we had obtained from our clever, commonsense doctor sundry medicines in case of emergency, with instructions as to their application. One of these was just the kind required for this case of sickness, and the gentleman to whom it rendered such a service will long remember with gratitude its efficacy. What a glowing testimonial he could write if this had been one of those patent medicines we hear so much about !

Our luncheon was brought to the train in little boxes, and each of these contained quite an assortment of luxuries.

For dinner or supper, whichever it might be termed, we alighted at a small station, and some of the passengers were rather upset

because they could not obtain intoxicants. Of course it was no inconvenience to us, as we never drink them, and we enjoyed our cup of tea and the other good things provided.

I suppose we must have entered some district where the prohibitive law was in force, and certainly the officials in this restaurant did not suffer when compared with those where liquor is sold. But the system is not a complete success anywhere; for although it may have in the eyes of some earnest people sundry advantages, it has also its drawbacks, for people who drink will have drink, and even if the drug stores—where every £1000 worth of stock is said to represent £950 of liquor—were closed, some other means would be invented to supply the demand; therefore, as a temperance man, I would rather rely upon the old-fashioned moral suasion plan to emancipate any country from the thralldom of drunkenness.

Through one of the axle bearings becoming heated we had to pull up several times, and when we arrived in Chicago we were three hours late, and it was about one o'clock in the morning before we reached our hotel.

The entrance to Chicago by rail is rather dangerous, for we were informed that the

frequent stoppages, and the continued tolling of the engine bell on nearing the city, were caused in consequence of the line crossing sixteen or eighteen others on the level.

England would not allow this, so here is another chalk for the old country and one against the new.

Well, from all the terrible warnings we had before leaving home, about the shanty hotels of the mushroom city of Chicago, and the certainty that we should never get out of the place alive, or see old England again, we were surprised to look on a city with majestic buildings, thousands of high-class residences, and some of the finest hotels the world has ever seen. The Lexington Hotel, where we stayed, is not the largest by a long way, but has five hundred rooms, and is "absolutely fire-proof." The most fearful stories were told to others, beside ourselves, as to the desperate things they had to expect. Here are a few words from a Canadian paper:—

"We had heard that fifty thousand professional thieves would attend the Fair, besides the amateurs; that a great many people would be sand-bagged and dumped into Chicago river; that the drinking-water in Chicago was muddy,

and smelled of vile odours ; that there was not half enough accommodation for the people ; that every hour the hands of the thieves would pass silently over your whole clothing, and feel where your valuables or money were concealed ; that there would hardly be a church open to go to on the Sabbath."

Chicago has had a bad character given to her, and is assuredly not what English people are led to suppose ; for she possesses beautiful parks, miles upon miles of avenues of the Continental style, with well-built, nicely-kept villa residences of almost every design.

Let complaining, misinformed people cease to deride a city like this, which has sprung from a little village of a hundred inhabitants—whites, half-breeds, and blacks, and in 1830 had only fifteen houses, but now has a population of over one million souls, and possesses the greatest cattle and corn market on the face of the earth. A city like this,—which has resisted two disastrous fires, which has invested \$50,000,000 in public schools, possesses many parks, one of which is a thousand acres in extent, has scores of great boulevards a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet wide, a frontage of twenty-two miles on the shores of a lake whose waters

must cover twenty thousand square miles, railways from all parts, river lineage over forty miles ; covering an area of over a hundred and fifty square miles, with art institutions, public buildings of immense strength and size, a baseball inclosure with sitting accommodation for twelve thousand persons, an auditorium, with its ten-floored hotel and its theatre with seven thousand seats, a masonic temple with its twenty stories, pleasure gardens and vast squares with rich horticultural attractions, colleges, churches, chapels, and colossal business premises,—has no need to be pitied, but should receive the congratulations of admiring multitudes far and near, for the indomitable energy, the great mental power, the resource and perseverance displayed by the men who have seized the opportunity and reared this mighty metropolis of the West, which may claim a legitimate place among the wonders of the world. Let the reader who disputes this statistical information search the authenticated records himself, or some respectable guide-book, and he will find I have in no way exaggerated Chicago's position, but have understated her claim to respect and greatness.

Now to give an idea of one of the large

business firms here, whose specialities find their way to the English market, and are also extensively consumed in France and Germany. Some of us paid a visit to the stock-yards of Chicago. A number of the cattle sold are shipped alive to distant parts of the country, and a case of great cruelty has just been brought to light. At a certain point of the journey water was provided, but the plugs were removed from the troughs by the men in charge, so that on arrival at their destination the cattle would each drink from fifty to sixty pounds of water, and being sold by weight would so enrich the seller. This system was detected, and a prosecution instituted. But the bulk of the cattle are slaughtered at Messrs. Armour & Company's huge concern, which we visited, close to the yards. This would have been the place for the orthodox Hindoo to deliver his righteous execrations, for these religionists are very loud in their denunciations of Christians, Mohammedans and others, who destroy the sacred animal they venerate ; though even some of these worshippers of the cow sell their old ones when the supply of milk fails, and with the money purchase younger animals. Where do the old ones go to ? Perhaps not to a large

stock-yard, but direct to the butcher's ; and so the bloodguiltiness, if any, rests on the knowing seller as well as the slayer.

Although we were not allowed to go through every department of these giant works, we saw quite sufficient ; and went to see, in his snug apartment, " Billy, the Banco Steer." No cattle were being slaughtered, so this educated Steer was covered with a white cloth, as he had no work to do.

A task repulsive, yet thou knowest not
The crime thou dost commit !

His work is to lead up the unwilling cattle to the slaughter, and having acted the part of betrayer, they rush in through the open door, while he turns round and repeats the operation, like many loathsome men

Who lead poor mortals to their doom,
And never think of shame.

We were received at the office with great civility, and, like the two thousand visitors daily, were presented with a souvenir, and also a card giving the operations of the firm for the past twelve months.

The buildings cover a vast area, the exact

extent of which I cannot well define, for the figures furnished embrace, I suppose, their packing works in Kansas City ; but, as far as I can calculate, their whole works, slaughtering, chilling and packing, and glue-making, cover by buildings over seventy acres, floor area about two hundred acres, and they have cold storage for 150,000 tons of meat.

As regards their business transactions, we will give a copy of the card handed to us.

EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL BUSINESS OF

ARMOUR & COMPANY, AND ARMOUR PACKING
COMPANY,

CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY,

In the year ending April 1st, 1893.

Distributive Sales	.	.	.	.	.	\$102,000,000
Hogs killed	.	.	.	.	.	1,750,000
Cattle killed	.	.	.	.	.	1,080,000
Sheep killed	.	.	.	.	.	625,000
Number of Employés	.	.	.	.	.	11,000
Aggregate Wages paid	.	.	.	.	.	\$5,500,000
Car Equipment	.	.	.	.	.	4,000
Horses in Use	.	.	.	.	.	700

ARMOUR GLUE WORKS,

CHICAGO.

Total Manufacture of Glue	.	.	.	lbs. 12,000,000
Number of Employés	.	.	.	750

I understand this enterprising firm will shortly commence tanning the immense number of hides they deal with, and then the English tanning trade will have to face additional competition, for a firm with a London office like this has, is certain to make England its favourite hunting-ground.

I never knew until recently, on reading of "The Guild of 'Tanners'" festival in Rome, that they had a patron saint. Will he be appealed to in this coming difficulty?

This reminds me of rather a plaintive song a tanner in England sang for me a few years ago. He went in for certain bye-products, and was accustomed to ship these to Russia and Austria. The former country placed on a tariff that made it impossible for him to ship anything further to that country; and one day, to his dismay, a customer came from Austria, as he thought with a good order, and was received with open arms; but the order was not forthcoming, and instead this request was made: "Mr. —, I am come to ask you if you could let me have one of your managers: I don't want your first man, but your second would do for me. The fact is, we are going to manufacture the article we bought from you, and the

Government will put on such a duty that you will not be able to sell again in our country."

The Austrian did not get the manager as requested, but the English tanner nevertheless lost the trade.

Our problem is getting rather serious, for if all foreign markets are closed to us, and these countries send their surplus stocks and sell at a price so that we cannot retain our home trade, our manufactories must cease, our working classes emigrate, and England become the residence of rich capitalists, who have drawn out of actual trade at home, invested their money in foreign industries, and can now look on the struggle between capital and labour, well knowing that such a conflict represents increased dividends for their investments, for we have had sufficient experience to prove that every commercial disturbance means the transference of so much trade to other countries.

So go at it, interested capitalists ; do your utmost to encourage strife and discord at home ; and, ye well-paid agitators, encourage your men to stand for their "rights" ; both of you line your pockets with the glittering coin, and let the poor, despised, patriotic English trader, with the handful of honest-hearted working men, view

with awe the approaching calamity, and calmly await the coming doom. But, if the light should shine before it is too late, remember, ye sowers of discord, that an awakened intelligence will pour upon you its vehement castigations. Our most delightful estates are being eagerly bought up by wealthy Americans from our partly dethroned aristocracy. Our workmen are singing the now appropriate song, "The Starving Poor of Old England," and we even find banners displayed with words like these : "We want food for our wives and families ; give us work to get it, or, by ——, we'll take it." The British workman has been deluded by his twin-deceivers, the party politicians and the trade agitators, and he now reaps the fruit of his folly. England suffers, and that severely. What she wants now is fair treatment by her competitors, and the enterprise of her commercial men given freedom ; and, in the natural course of events, work would be found for her idle sons.

Now, even Chicago is suffering from a temporary difficulty, with all her advantages, through the great number of men who have come from almost all nations, attracted with the hope of employment at "The World's Fair." Some gained their desires for a time, and had work,

but the expenses had to be cut down, and consequently many were thrown idle. One Englishman approached one of our party who knew his antecedents, and we had to subscribe money to take him home. But there are hundreds of them, some of whom would be no better if sent to their several countries, for they belong to the "ne'er-do-wells," who will not work, wherever they may be.

The Mayor of Chicago has been strongly condemned by the newspapers for making a speech in which he said: "There are 200,000 people in Chicago to-day unemployed, and almost destitute of money. If Congress does not give us plenty of money, we will have riots that will shake the country."

This was the lighted match; and of course the fire soon came, for since we have read of one riot. "The Mayor saw the whole affair from a window of one of the offices. He was very indignant at the brutal manner in which the police were treated by the mob, who beat, kicked, and stoned them unmercifully." Such is always the case: a man magnifies an evil a hundredfold, suggests a wrong remedy, and, because relief does not come, force is resorted to. We have just the same effect in Ireland

presented to us to-day, and the work of the insane orator is apparent ; for passions can soon be inflamed, and even affection changed to hatred. One of the noblest women I know told me, with tears in her eyes, in her beautiful English mansion, how the agitator's venom had turned the very hearts of people against her, for whose welfare she had given the best years of her life, and who gave in return an affectionate appreciation.

Her husband owned a few thousand acres of land in Ireland ; they lived at their home there among the people in peace and contentment ; and were more like a happy family than landlord and tenant. But what a change ! the very lady who had done so much for her poorer brethren became the object of curses by the agitators, and amongst her former friends had to be escorted to church by a policeman walking on each side, and all because her husband was a landlord.

If a beautiful woman could be subjected to such treatment from the people she loved, and still loves, through the villainous interference of unprincipled scoundrels, what could be expected from a number of men described as "the scum of the earth " when incendiary language

such as the Mayor gave utterance to was addressed to them?

There is no doubt America is in a serious difficulty through her large army of good-for-nothing aliens, who tramp from place to place to the terror of unprotected females in country houses.

I suppose it would not be a rash estimate to put these down at 500,000; and then matters are not made better by the stoppage of several works, which, though only of a temporary character, presents another phase of the unemployed problem. The United States are passing through a short season of depression, and the flowing tide of prosperity has received a slight check, not from one cause alone but from a combination. Within this group may be placed the silver question, great speculation in real estate with little but paper money, and the uncertainty existing whether the high tariffs of M'Kinley origin will be modified. As far as I can gauge the feeling of manufacturers they do not care personally what the several tariffs may be, so long as they can regulate the wage question with some certainty, for as the tariff rises or falls the wages must be affected. What they most demand is that fluctuation should cease, and that the fiscal arrange-

ments should exist to serve the dual object of keeping up wages so that the employed will be content, and that their productions should only have to face home competition. I suppose our English Free Traders would say this is a mistake ; but it has suited this country, made many fortunes, and enabled the working classes to live in comfort. Now, if I am asked how this system would work in England, my reply is that it appears we shall be gradually driven to adopt it, however reluctant we may be to do so. Of course, during the last fifteen years trade has not advanced at such a rate with us as it did in the flourishing years preceding.

In the palmy days, with a tax-earning tariff, we should have had to face another difficulty, for the probability is, that commerce would have increased by such leaps and bounds that our British Workman would have displayed the weakness of some well-fed horses—"which cannot carry corn."

Our trade has increased undoubtedly during the fifty years we have had what is called "free trade," although no one can say that this is through this policy; for other countries with the opposite one can claim the same, or probably a greater, proportionate increase. Therefore, some

come to the conclusion that the only way one-sided Free Trade has been a blessing to England, has been to act as a clog to her progress and keep her people within proper bounds. Well, perhaps we might have got above with ourselves, and even this supposed blessing or affliction may have been for the best; but I must say I do not like to see our industries extinguished, and employment for the industrious cease, if we could devise any means to secure both. It is a question which will have to be fought out, and whenever the struggle comes may the right decide.

There are many fine industries in Chicago, and the Board of Trade, equivalent to our Stock Exchange, is well worth a visit. Stocks and shares are here sold by auction, and bids are given by finger signs. Watching this animated scene from the balcony is very interesting, but what suggests itself to most is the query—how these men can stand such a life of excitement? for the wild gesticulations, the hideous shoutings, the continual uproar and confusion, must do its deadly work upon the nerves of even the strongest.

However, for the time being, men seem to revel in such an existence, and some make large

sums of money by it ; and others, of course, may lose.

Perhaps the sight in Chicago I liked the most was a quiet look at some pictures I found in a gallery along the shores of the Lake Michigan. The collection was not a large one, and some of these were only on loan ; but there were some real gems to delight the eyes of any real lover of the old masters. Amongst the best were "The Jubilee," by A. Van Ostade, in this artist's best style ; "Portrait of Philip II., King of Spain," by Velasquez, bearing the evidences of this great master's wonderful knowledge of anatomy ; "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, which if not genuine is a very fine old copy. Van der Neer, Jacob Ruysdael, Rembrandt, etc., were well represented, and even the great Rubens had two works, one which might be genuine, but the other a matter of speculation ; for any collector of pictures knows that many of those ascribed to the famous artists of a bygone age could not have been painted by them ; for even though they may be good paintings, it is quite certain life is too short for them to have performed such a prodigious task. We have a painting with a curious history in our collection. For generations this hung in an ancient mansion,

was then transferred to another, and was always called "The Rubens picture." On examining it closely after it came in our possession we thought we traced the name of Rembrandt. In due course this picture was restored, and it turned out to be a genuine Caravaggio : it certainly bears all the peculiarities of this artist's style, and no one seems to dispute its genuineness.

Then, as regards the opinions of experts, they differ very much, and sometimes even the verdict of one particular expert changes. I know a case where a man paid his three guineas for an opinion, and pasted the written guarantee on the back of the picture. This was sold, and a gentleman into whose possession it came went to this expert, who also dealt in pictures, and offered to sell this to him, stating it was by such an artist.

"That artist's brush never touched that picture "; and after descanting on the impossibilities of the genuineness of the painting, the owner turned the picture round, and showed the man his own guarantee.

Some time ago I was discussing the authenticity of a picture in our own National Gallery with a gentleman connected with that institution, and

at last he admitted that it had been so described by a committee of experts. You cannot help making comparisons, and if you study the works of any particular artist, each picture you behold impels you to draw certain inferences. For instance, if you have seen some of the masterpieces of Rubens, say those at Munich or Antwerp, you look with grave suspicion on some of those bearing his name in the Louvre and elsewhere.

But Chicago has a small, well-preserved collection, whether some of them may be genuine or not. May her wealthy citizens increase their number! These can easily be obtained by a little looking for. I know of a fine old staircase on the Continent, and on its badly lighted walls hang pictures of great beauty. Some rich Chicagian might secure these.

Our Sunday in Chicago was a very pleasant one. In the morning we attended Trinity Church, which is situated at the corner of 26th Street, in Michigan Avenue. In connection with this church they have a surprising number of agencies for carrying out the teaching of the Great Teacher.

A page and a half of the parochial magazine

is taken up with a list of the officials of these various missions, etc.; and one of the most interesting seems to be the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Chapter No. 24. This Brotherhood sees that the hotels are supplied with framed cards, giving particulars of church services, and a paid secretary has just been appointed. "He is to give the whole of his time to Brotherhood work, and he is ready at all times to help strangers to find homes, the unemployed to find work, the sick to find hospitals, the worthy destitute to find relief." If this is the work of the Brotherhood we wish it "God speed!" for this is true Christian socialism, which is the only kind honesty and the Scriptures can support.

The Rector of Trinity is the Rev. John Rouse, M.A. (Oxon.). He is assisted by a curate and lay reader; and these gentlemen are well supported by the members of their congregation in their efforts to advance all the good works which cluster around this great spiritual centre.

I cannot tell who preached the sermon, but the text was from the book of Joshua; and as I cannot give the sermon I will give something near its gist in these few lines.

BLESSINGS AND CURSINGS.

LONG ages have now intervened
Since God did these decree,
And though to mortal ken it seemed,
As now, not clear to see
How God's decisions were employed,
Nor yet the reason why,
Still His decrees are not destroyed,
But will all age defy.

And though we may not fully know
How He performs the task,
He will the utmost wisdom show
Right onward to the last.
And man will, in God's all-wise way,
Receive just what is due,
According as he lives life's day,
For God is ever true.

So man may calculate what he
Will or will not receive,
For all the rolling ages see
Why man should God believe.
For He will ever grant the good
Rich blessings from His store ;
And if man lives life as he should
Heaven's life for evermore.

The evil ones may, too, depend
That God will still perform
His righteous will, and in the end—
Though long the coming storm
Of cursings is in love delayed,
Yet it will come at last,
However much they are afraid
At its approaching blast.

Thus now, as in the olden days,
God will His favours show
To all the good, and sin repays
With curses of His woe.
So well is it if man e'er tries
To heed Heaven's high behest,
And in Jehovah's strength defies
The sins which souls infest.

And should the evil of past days
Before the soul arise,
Let angels sing—"Behold he prays!"
Re-echo through the skies.
Then in God's holy ways abide
From good be no more driven,
And you shall soon with God reside
Who has the past forgiven.

In the evening some of our friends went to hear Mr. Moody preach in the Baptist chapel, who, with a lady to sing solos, attracted a congregation of some three thousand, which packed the building to overflowing.

We went to the Presbyterian church—where "strangers are cordially invited"—just across from our hotel.

The Rev. J. Monro Gibson, of London, had preached here in the morning, and the resident pastor, Dr. MacPherson, gave the sermon in the evening, on "Christ's Philosophy of Help."

Each Sunday at this church they have a full

printed programme of the proceedings for that day, and the varied engagements during the week.

This is a four-paged leaflet, and the front page gives the names of the officials. Under the head of Choir we have four names:—soprano, Miss Blondell Pollock (supply for Mrs. Bishop); contralto, Mrs. Annie Rommeiss Thacker; tenor, R. T. Howard; bass, J. M. Hubbard. These four singers gave the anthem, "He shall come down like the rain," in good style, and the organist performed his part very satisfactorily.

There is one thing some people don't like about solo singing, or even any musical performance in a church or chapel—*i.e.*, for fear the real object of worship may be made subservient to a form of entertainment.

Of course, in these days of religious competition, when we have so many sects and 'isms, means of drawing a congregation are sometimes resorted to which are not eminently in keeping with the highest phase of Christian worship.

The excuse may be that the times demand it; but after all the good old way seems to be the best, and where a man's ministrations are backed up with a holy and consistent life there is no need to resort to sensationalism,

outward adornments, elaborate ritual, solo singing, or any other of the many means so frequently used in these degenerate days for the purpose of bringing a congregation together.

“To worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness” is the great thing, and the one with which Heaven can only be satisfied. In Michigan Avenue are many churches; but I was sorry to see one of these turned into a furniture store. Why, I know not. It reminds one of some of the fine old churches at Rouen, and elsewhere, now used for houses, manufactories, and even stables. Alas! how sad!

The city of Chicago has many true worshippers of Jehovah; and all honour to this city, that while erecting her great business houses she has not forgotten her duty to yield the best of her architectural wealth to the glory of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

“What do you think of Chicago?” many will ask.

Surprising city! who has ever read
Of one like thee, living, or long since dead?
For what historian has to us made known
A city, which so soon had mighty grown?

CHAPTER V.

“THE WORLD’S FAIR.”

Like Sheba’s Queen, I too declare, the half was never told,
For with a ready-writer’s pen, who is there can unfold
This high percentage of its worth, the wonders all galore ?
For those who see can hardly gauge the vastness of its store.

OUR five days at Chicago, Sunday excepted of course, meant the greater portion at the World’s Fair, situated some eight miles from our hotel. But this short space of time only enabled us to get a general knowledge of the show without studying much of its details ; in fact, one of our party, of a calculating turn of mind, made this estimate—that if two minutes were spent in viewing each article, and that counting each case as one, the devotion of six hundred days would be required to see the whole.

This great Exposition is without doubt a gorgeous project, and is the result of an idea generated at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and was duly authorised by the Senate in 1890

to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and its location was decided by Congress; Chicago receiving in the final ballot nearly 50 per cent. more votes than New York, her chief competitor for the honour.

From the city you can reach the Exposition by the low level or the elevated railways, by steamer or by tram-car. Perhaps the steamer is the most delightful way; and certainly the most dangerous is the elevated railway, for with the ugly, sharp curves rounding the street corners there is always an element of risk, for should the brake fail to slacken speed, or the driver forget to apply it, the catastrophe would be of a most horrible description. One night we happened to stay a little later, expecting to see the fireworks on the lake; but the water was too rough, and the display did not take place. On returning we had to experience a terrible crush on this railway, and my good lady had to be protected from it by the exertions of two gentlemen, who, along with myself, managed to perform the task pretty satisfactorily. One of these gentlemen was fortunately a good weight and very strong, and had evidently performed a similar duty before; but after seeing this

crush, which was certainly bad enough, we cannot be surprised at the terrible accidents resulting at this station, when we hear of the Fair being visited by over 500,000 persons in one day.

The situation of the Exhibition is admirably adapted for such a venture ; and Jackson Park, with its two miles of lake frontage, and almost 600 acres of finely-laid-out grounds, with its adjunct Washington Park with over 350 acres, and the Midway Plaisance with over 50 more, stands almost unrivalled, both for beauty and suitability.

Now as regards the cost of this grand undertaking, it is very hard to arrive at a correct estimate ; for taking the original figures and those now presented you find a very great difference existing. The former stands at about \$18,000,000, whereas the latter exceed this sum by \$8,000,000. Then on page 33 of the "Official Guide" you find this estimate of \$26,000,000 ; but on page 37 it is stated to be \$26,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

In addition to these figures there is an item embracing the expenditure of the general government, foreign countries, and the various states, which is put down at from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

On page 33 you also read that \$4,000,000 had been spent in laying out the park, grounds, etc., before the site was selected for the World's Fair; and lower down it is stated that over \$5,000,000 have been spent in beautifying the Exposition grounds. This latter figure is included, I believe, in the general estimate of the total cost; but I have seen one calculation where this was added to it, and raised it to \$39,000,000. However, I think the generally accepted figure is \$33,000,000; but this does not include the cost of buildings erected by private enterprise nor exhibition expenses—and these latter must be very heavy—and in addition there will be the enormous sum they must pay in fees to the management, for the allotted space to foreign countries alone reaches 1,600,000 square feet of floor area.

The admission fees are not extortionate, taking into account the magnitude of the show: 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for children under twelve years of age; and free admission is granted to those under six years; as usual, there will be many of surprising growth below this age.

The cost of organisation and administration is put down at \$5,000,000, which is included

in the above estimates ; but after deducting this item from the sum-total, there still remains a vast sum representing cost of buildings and ground improvements ; but yet, although we are quite prepared to admit the vastness and costly beauty of this Exposition, still the impression gradually takes possession of your mind that there are many of our great contractors who would have been willing to produce this magnificent effect for considerably less. I notice a great point is made in comparing the costliness of this Fair with the Paris Exposition, the cost of which is stated to have been \$9,500,000 ; and this arouses a little suspicion that the figures of the Chicago enterprise may have been unduly magnified to gratify the American weakness for brag and bluster, which is indeed another phase of the "American Disease," the germ of which the doctors say is the almighty dollar. If not, the administration has been imposed upon to a much greater extent than what is known ; and an enterprise of such greatness could not be allowed to escape the manipulating energy of that particular class of Americans who, in municipal, political, and every other available way, have an eye to business.

The Exposition authorities have been "ringed," I fear ; but, after all, things might have been worse, for they almost lost three-quarters of a million dollars at one go, and, but for the timely action of a firm, one of whose partners I happen to know, they certainly would have been fleeced out of \$350,000. The management of an exhibition are sometimes placed in a helpless position, and though they strive their very best cannot help being defrauded.

The ring system has certainly been tried, and in this one instance was unsuccessful, but whether others succeeded better I do not venture to say, although I have my fears on the subject—*i.e.*, if the cost of matters has been rightly placed before the public. In England this objectionable feature of business life is noticeable. Here is a case in a small way. A friend of mine went to an auction, and was not known to the company present, who had previously formed themselves into a "Ring."

The auction was on the ticket system, and my friend saved £25.00 from plunder by breaking up the "ring," and his reward was the curses of the speculators, but not the thanks of the gainer.

Now as regards the "World's Fair," every one

has a right to form an opinion ; and I for one cannot help thinking that this system has either been extensively practised by contractors and others, or else the management has given to the world an exalted estimate of the expenditure ; for a sum representing over £6,500,000 sterling is so enormous that your expectations assume greater dimensions than even the magnificent equipments of the " World's Fair " will satisfy.

The official guide, I regret to say, though signed and authorised under the President's autograph, is not reliable ; for if you find one or more errors your suspicions are aroused as to the accuracy of the more important items.

Take, for example, the first notice under the head of—

“ SPECIAL INFORMATION FOR VISITORS.”

“ The prices charged for luncheon and meals within the Exposition grounds are reasonable. One may secure a good luncheon for 25 cents ; a good dinner may be obtained in any of the great restaurants at from 35 to 60 cents,” etc. etc.

Now, the members of our party only dined once in the grounds, at one of the “ great restaurants,” and what was the result ? Just this instance will suffice. Two slices of tomato,

which sell at giving-away prices in America, 20 cents=\$5 a pound. Potatoes, 10 cents= for what we eat, to \$2 a pound. In fact, when a gust of wind blew a few chips away, one loud voice was heard making a remark like this, "See the shillings flying!"

I was told afterwards that the poor fellow who had spent his dollars in erecting this Restauration would lose money. Bosh! The man must make 1000 per cent. at least on his investment.

Now take another falsification. It is called "The Beauty Show." In the index you are referred to page 22, and read:—

"INTERNATIONAL DRESS AND COSTUME EXHIBIT."

"This attraction comprises between forty and fifty living representatives of different nationalities, races, and types, each clad in native costume. All are young women selected for their personal beauty. Expensive and beautiful gowns are part of the exhibition. Admission 25 cents."

In connection with this so-called "Congress of Beauty," the management have certainly made one true statement—*i.e.*, "Admission 25 cents."

This we paid; but I venture to affirm that

some of these women have never seen the countries from which they are supposed to have been brought. Certainly we will not make personal allusion in the way of describing the various impositions ; but one girl had been a servant in Chicago, and did not belong to the country she represented ; another had been brought from a shop in New York ; but the worst thing of all was the charge one of our friends saw afterwards in a Chicago paper, stating that one of the beautiful women was a fair-faced boy. I have read an article in one American paper, "Women made Beautiful,—how dimples are produced, wrinkles removed, and lines of care eradicated," proving that electricity can improve on nature. Well, surgery assisted by the electric current, removing elliptical sections of flesh, and its antiseptic spraying, may do all that it claims ; if so, the Exhibition management ought to have sent a good percentage of their carefully selected beauties to have undergone this course of treatment before the performance started. What English and American beautiful women will think of the show I know not ; but one of the writers in an American paper seems to have been well qualified to have acted as a judge ;

and well would it have been for the credit of the Exposition management had they left the selection of the beauties with such an expert—*i.e.*, if any could have been induced to attend. Here is the small sketch, and, following, I give my own opinion of the "Beauty Show."

"ENGLAND'S GREATEST BEAUTY.

"Lady Londonderry is the flower and crown of Anglo-Saxon beauty. Tall, slim, dazzlingly fair, with every feature perfectly modelled, she is the highest result of noble Norman blood. Her maiden name was Lady Theresa Helen Talbot, daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, a family as old as the Conquest. In 1875 she married Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the fifth Marquis of Londonderry, who succeeded to the title in 1884. Lady Londonderry's beauty differs from the American type. It is more calm, less vivacious, more regular and statuesque, but less bewitching and beguiling."

There is no questioning the beauty of many of our British aristocracy and our women belonging to the humbler classes; and America can claim for many of her women very justly the title of beautiful. Other nations have also women whose facial attractions are pre-eminently pleasing to look upon. The field is a large

one, but who made the selection for the World's Fair?

THE BEAUTY SHOW.

The Beauty Congress was a scene,
A farce-like play, if I may judge ;
The greatest sell here to be seen—
Hoax ! Deception ! Humbug ! Fudge !

Where was the beauty, polish, grace,
Expectants looked for in this place ?
Where were the well-curved features, eyes,
The lovely bloom which women prize ?

Where could you find the curling lip,
The dimpled cheek, which poets dip
Their pen so oft to note ? And where
Could you find one fair claim to fair ?

Not in the World's Great Beauty Show,
For there the beauties did not go ;
For paltry bribes would not inspire
Real beauty to go there for hire.

But, giving all the due respect
To those who did these types select,
I don't admire their care or taste,
For time and money are a waste

Spent seeing this their Beauty Show,
For I declare that I can go
In any town, and without pay
See nicer ladies any day !

But, after all, facial beauty is not everything :
the wise man said, "Favour is deceitful, and
beauty is vain."

There is the beauty of goodness, love, and kindness, which is of far nobler worth; and these bright adornments of unselfishness give to woman that which the truest of manly hearts will always panegyrisé. Here is a specimen of one who did not possess "beauty," and yet was—

"A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."

"The story is told of a famous lady who once reigned in Paris society that she was so very homely that her mother said one day, 'My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you.' From this time the young lady began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, to the servants of the household, and even to the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This goodwill toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her grey eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. People could not help loving her, because she first loved them. Love makes the truest beauty, after all. It is beauty, too, that grows more beautiful as time runs on and age advances."

Now, having said this much against the work of the council of administration, let us yield them all the honour and credit due for carrying out, on the whole, so successfully the gigantic

undertaking intrusted to their charge; for few beholders will fail to recognise the greatness of the work, and the successful completion of a huge enterprise like this "World's Fair," presenting so many features of architectural splendour, landscape effectiveness, artistic displays, wonderful invention, gorgeous panoramas, glorious illuminations, and startling attractions, all combining to make a scene the like of which this century has never known, and perhaps one the dazzled eyes of humanity has never beholden; for, be it known to all men, that whatever the financial result of this huge scheme may be, this unequalled achievement is, as an exhibition, a triumphant success.

We will now describe briefly some of its striking features. On arriving, you see the Intramural Electric Elevated Railway; and this is not the toy you conjectured it to be, for it has a run in the grounds extending about three miles. The exact total length of the double track is six-and-a-quarter miles. Each train makes the round trip in thirty-five minutes, with nineteen stoppages. The train, it is stated, cannot be de-railed, and collisions are impossible through a perfect block signal system, which works automatically. Scientific men,

who understand all about multipolar railway generators, specially designed motors for securing high acceleration, improved air brakes, current-carrying conductors, would study with interest the arrangements for working this novel railway, and probably gaze with satisfaction at "the largest dynamo electric machine," or electric generator, in this great electrical country. This supplies 3000 horse-power, cost \$100,000, and weighs 192 tons. The armature shaft weighs 65 tons, and is 24 in. in diameter. The rolling stock consists of eighteen trains, of four open cars 47 ft. long, and each capable of seating ninety-six people. This line is very convenient, and you are informed how best to reach the following Exposition Buildings:—

PASSENGERS WILL LEAVE INTRAMURAL TRAINS AT

"South Loop" for

Agricultural Building,
Casino,
Convent of La Rabida,
Krupp Exhibit,
Indian School,
Steamboat Pier,
Shoe and Leather Building.

"Forestry" for

Forestry Building,
Anthropological Building,
Dairy Building,
French Colonies Exhibit,
Cliff-Dwellers' Exhibit,

Intramural Power House,
Intramural Offices,

"Colonnade" for

Machinery Hall,
Agricultural Building,
Stock Pavilion,
Agricultural Imp. Exhibit,
Windmill Exhibit,
Outside Exhibit of Germany,
White Horse Inn.

"Administration" for

Railway Terminals,
Administration Building,
Mines Building,

Electricity Building,
Manufacturers' Building,
Machinery Hall,
Electric Fountains.

"Chicago Junction" for

Transportation Building,
and CHICAGO, via
South Side Rapid Transit
Elevated Railway.

"62nd Street" for

Service Building,
Choral Building,
Horticultural Building,
Wooded Island,
Police Station.

"Midway" for

Midway Plaisance,
Woman's Building,
Illinois State Building,
Public Comfort,
California State Building,
Indiana State Building,
Illinois Central Express
trains to Van Buren Street.

"57th Street" for

Art Galleries,

Esquimaux Village,
Washington State Building,
S. Dakota State Building,
Minnesota State Building,
Kansas State Building,
Nebraska State Building,
N. Dakota State Building.

"Mount Vernon" for

Virginia State Building,
New Jersey State Building,
Vermont State Building,
Maine State Building,
Iowa State Building,
Massachusetts State Building,
Connecticut State Building,
Art Building,
French Building.

"North Loop" for

Fisheries Building,
Government Building,
Naval Exhibit (Battle Ship),
Foreign Buildings,
Manufacturers' Building,
Life-Saving Station,
Electric Launches,
Lighthouse Exhibit,
Battle Ship.

Another wonderful invention is "The Ferris Wheel," named after its designer and maker.

This revolves round an axle of 33 in. diameter, 45 ft. long, and 56 tons weight. The wheel is really two wheels, $28\frac{1}{2}$ ft. apart; and suspended between these there are thirty-six passenger cars, and the power is obtained from two 30 in. cylinder engines with 4 ft. stroke, and each possessing 2000 horse-power. The machinery

is below the ground surface, and the entire plant is duplicated—a very wise arrangement.

The entire cost is put down as \$400,000.

The effect at night, with the three thousand incandescent lights within globes of various colours, is a very pretty sight.

The wheel is 250 ft. in diameter, and the tour, which can be taken by over one thousand persons at once, occupies about twenty minutes. You have from its apex a fine bird's-eye view of the Exhibition buildings and the lake and surrounding country for many miles.

Those who were willing to be revolved 256 ft. high say the thing was very nice; and it is stated that fully 95 per cent. of visitors to the Fair patronised the "Ferris Wheel."

Well, if we say 50 per cent., this predicted failure will prove a very remunerative success; for according to the official figures for the three months ending with July, the paid admissions to the Fair numbered 6,487,240; now take half of this as representing the number of Ferris Wheel patronisers, and you have 3,243,620: this number at 50 cents each for the two revolutions, you have \$1,621,810, four times the entire cost of this structure.

True, this was a venture in an unexplored field,

and some justification there might be for those cynics who tried to prove the impossibility of an enormous weight—*i.e.*, 600,000 lbs.—to revolve with safety. But its originator was sanguine of success, and the capital necessary was subscribed ! \$25,000 was expended in plans and preliminary expenses, and the mammoth wheel, which was constructed in parts at various foundries, was put together without a flaw, proving the accuracy of the calculations. Its mechanical success was therefore perfect, and since the receipt of so much patronage it has been described as a “financial *Bonanza*.”

Then the three last months have to come, and after the closing of “the White City” the Wheel will, there or elsewhere, be like the Eiffel Tower—a permanent source of money-making. It was a bold and novel idea, carried out with energy against great prejudice. So we offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. G. W. G. Ferris, engineer and bridge-builder of Pittsburg, and hope he may live long to enjoy the result of his enterprise.

There are plenty of other amusing elements inside or just out of the World’s Fair. Buffalo Bill, with his wild west, military tournaments, grand concerts in the great Choral Hall, holding

in its auditorium 6500, and a stage capable of holding another 2500. Then in the Midway Plaisance there are amusements; but some of these are characterised by the President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice as the worst violations of decency and virtue he ever heard of: vile dens, revolting performances, etc. This is rather strong, so it is a good job, if true, we did not visit them.

Another great attraction later on will be the exhibition of horses and cattle; the entries closed about the middle of August, and the arrivals were expected shortly after. I noticed that 1205 horses were to be shown, and I have come across the interesting information that "America's First Horse" was brought to this continent in 1518. Now, there are in the United States alone 14,056,750, valued at \$941,000,000. The stallion Ormonde, said to have been purchased by its American owner for \$150,000, which was shipped from England, has landed in New York; so he will make one more. The papers were eloquent upon his arrival, and even the poets have been called forth to sing his praises.

It is stated he travels with six Saratoga trunks, which are filled with his clothing. We wonder if he will be brought to the Fair.

However, we had plenty to look at, although the horses, cattle, and sheep were absent.

The first day we were received by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, M.A., the Secretary of the Arts Society, and in the afternoon were entertained to tea in Victoria House, the British building on the lake shore, which the authorities describe as a beautiful structure, and which is intended to accommodate the guests of the British Commission.

This English-like home has been furnished by Messrs. Johnstone, Norman, & Co., of 67, New Bond Street, London, under the advice and personal direction of Mr. Thomas F. Norman. Stained-glass windows, silken fabrics, stoves, embossed leather, carpets, etc., are of English make; and the furnishers tender a grateful compliment to sundry firms mentioned in the souvenir their courteous representative kindly handed me, and which gives a clear description of the interior embellishment of Victoria House. The pictures, some of which are by the old masters, and the various *objets d'art* in the several apartments, are from the collection of Mr. J. Jehnhäuser, 68, New Bond Street, London. There was one thing that even the learned could not agree about, and

that was the source from which the motto over one of the fireplaces came :

"Babble not o'ermuch, my friend, if thou wouldst be called wise :

To speak, or prate, or use much talk engenders many lyes."

The names of three poets were mentioned—Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Bacon by three different men of known ability.

Let some more learnèd man say whose these lines may be,
For learnèd ones with us could not their source decree.

Victoria House, as the reader will understand, was named after our beloved Queen, and is what our architects would call a half-timbered house of the sixteenth century.

The interior adornments, such as ceilings and furniture, are copies of what we find in many of the old houses in the British Isles. One ceiling is copied from Haddon Hall, one from Plas Mawr, and another from Crewe Hall. Aston Hall, Exeter Museum, Banbury Castle, etc., are represented by reproductions of furniture, tapestry, etc.

The Victoria House, though not such an imposing structure as the buildings erected by some of the foreign countries which have come prominently forward in connection with this

exhibition, still is quite in keeping with English notions of propriety, and had the honour of being among the few buildings completely finished on the opening day, May 1st.

Near this English representative home we see in the lake a full-sized model of an American battle-ship, 348 ft. long by 39 ft. 3 in., which gives you the impression of the genuine article, Then in the South Pond is the correct facsimile of the Viking ship one thousand years old, the original of which we have seen at Christiania. This model was brought over the seas by hardy Norwegian sailors.

The State Buildings are very fine, and those of seventeen states I reckon to have cost nearly \$1,000,000. These states have appropriated for Exhibition purposes, I find, \$2,700,000. It is natural Illinois, in which Chicago is situated, should be the largest subscriber, \$800,000; her building costing \$250,000; but the building which struck me as the most original was that of Washington. This was built of wood, at a cost of \$100,000, and looked very handsome. The timber had been brought from the region of Puget Sound, and the foundations consisted of several tiers of great blocks of oak, which gave the structure a very substantial appearance. Then we have

the foreign buildings, which with those of the States would number forty-five or fifty ; and though each has its special features and deserves mentioning, still we shall be compelled to confine our brief notice to the record of a few impressions of the great Exhibition proper, and leave these buildings and the vast multitude of smaller ones—towns, villages, panoramas, shows, and private enterprises—to other pens, for really this Exhibition is of such amazing comprehensiveness that its magnitude grows and its extensiveness increases when you come to travel over again, in thought, the miles you did in the hot, broiling sunshine. Many of the English and American newspapers have grossly misrepresented this great commemorative enterprise, some through wrong information, and some of the American ones, I fear, through uncontrollable jealousy, the offspring of an envious feeling that Chicago should have been the selected spot in a project which has proved to be that city's best and most far-reaching advertisement ; and she richly deserves it, for her wealthy sons raised \$5,000,000, and the city pledged itself to increase this to \$10,000,000, to be expended in behalf of the Fair.

Some of the American papers have not

grasped the idea that this "Greatest Show on Earth" belongs to the whole country, and is not a purely local exhibition; and it seems a question hard to understand, how any good citizen of the State should conjecture this narrow-minded idea. However, such is the case, and "The World's Fair" may count its greatest enemies "amongst those of its own household," who, for the time being, have chosen the profession of Ananias. Here are particulars of some of the main buildings of what the Act of Congress describes as the "International Exhibition of Arts, Industries, Manufactures, and the Products of the Soil, Mine and Sea, to celebrate the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus."

Size in Feet.		Cost in Dollars.
960 × 265	Transportation Building.	370,000
365 × 165	Fisheries Building.	224,000
690 × 345	Building of Electricity.	401,000
528 × 208	Palace of Fine Arts.	670,000
415 × 345	Federal Building.	400,000
998 × 250	Horticultural Building.	325,000
800 × 500	Agricultural Building.	618,000
700 × 350	Mines and Mining.	265,000
846 × 492	Palace of Mechanical Arts.	1,285,000
1687 × 787	Manufactures Building.	1,500,000
386 × 199	Woman's Building.	138,000
262 × 262	Administration Building.	435,000
528 × 208	Palace of Forestry.	100,000

These figures may not exactly correspond with the information contained in some of the books relating to the Exhibition—for, to give just one instance, the cost of the Administrative Building in one of these is put down at \$1,500,000; but on the whole I think they will be found fairly reliable.

The last of these buildings is probably the most unique of the lot, and is a decided contrast to the others. Its construction gives you the impression of a vast rustic summer-house, with its verandah and bark-covered roof. The pillars supporting this verandah are the trunks of trees, placed three together, the main ones being on the average about seventeen inches in diameter.

Then each pillar is surmounted by a flag-staff, the trade would term a "ricker," with its streamer floating therefrom. The interior presents to you a selection of the woods of various nations, and naturally you find the timber specimens of the States in great profusion. Some samples of polished wood here displayed would make the manufacturers of artistic furniture open their longing eyes, and probably show to them many happy blendings. The samples of bird's eye maple, figured birch,

white pine, etc., in their highly polished state, look first-class ; but the wood that I considered took the palm was a piece of richly figured poplar, and if this is found of the same high quality in any abundance, it ought soon to find its way, more extensively than at present, in our English home decorations.

Then you have the heavier lumber trade, with its multitudinous kinds of building timber, in the rough and manufactured state, presented here in all its might and majesty. By some means its representatives have actually secured "Gladstone's axe," that weapon of the great tree-destroyer, which, after doing its exhibition duty, will be taken charge of by "The Lumber Trades Association," to be kept as a memento of the "Grand Old Man," whose work has perhaps produced greater financial results than those obtained by quite a host of professional woodcutters ; for those little chips sold at bazaars, and by speculators, must have yielded a mine of wealth ; and the scatterings from one tree produced more than many a great tree hewn down in these boundless forests represented. See the little chips on their velvety cushions within their gold frames in many English houses, which, in many cases, receive

more adoration than saintly relics ; whereas the backwoodsman fells the giants of the forest, and his chips, though coming from the mightiest of trees, lie around him unreverenced to rot upon the surface of the earth. Some of these great monarchs of the forest are of startling dimensions. One gentleman, upon whose word I can rely, assures me that he measured one in California with a girth of 147 ft., and diameter 49 ft. a distance above-ground. What should we think in England of trees with bark 48 in. thick, or one with a berl 20 ft. $\times$ 10 ft., 200 ft. from the ground? See the mammoth redwood plank in this forestry section, which measures 16 ft. 5 in. wide, and 12 ft. 9 in. long by 5 in. thick, cut from a tree 300 ft. high, 28 ft. from the butt. This great tree from which the plank was hewn was 35 ft. in diameter, and supposed to have reached the patriarchal age of 1500 years.

This is exhibited by a firm of oil merchants, who have polished it to perfection with their "hard oil finish."

Then see the California red tree this country has made such a sacrifice to place in its special section, and which cost \$10,475 for shipping expenses, etc. It has been cut in sections and

again placed together. Its diameter is 26 ft., and you wander in its cave-like interior and gaze with wonder at this section of a tree, the total height of which was at least 300 ft.

Then you have interesting employment in noticing the stages of growth in the various cross-cut blocks of huge trees. Here is a little item from one whose circles show it to be 875 years old. When 14 ft. in diameter the yearly register is less than $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch ; but when it assumes double this diameter the growth is about $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch. Then you have the amusing department in the comical figures some planks of a natural decorative character reveal : in one you see the "Drum Major," on another, "Prize Fighters," "The Old Man," etc., etc.

You also see a perfectly clean board 16 ft. $\times$ 6 ft. without a single flaw, a grand specimen of what can be cut from trees which may be numbered by hundreds of thousands, if not by hundreds of millions. Then see the vast array of dyewoods, barks, abnormal woody products, wood pulp, wood-made paper, wooden ware, mosses, gums, vegetable substances for many purposes, and you leave this forestry of wealth, with its shingles, floorings, and other

worked timber, and you stand on the shore of Lake Michigan, and confess that though you knew much about timber, its varieties and its uses, you know more than before inspecting this, the greatest display of forestry production the world has perhaps ever seen, for it presents to the interested a completeness of varied glory delightful to look upon.

Well may this greatest Exhibition of its kind stand on the shores of the lake—supposed to contain the largest body of fresh water in the world—like two giant spirits embracing each other.

The woods of many lands you have in plenty found,
Where mighty trees in unknown solitude abound ;
Well, some a hundred feet and some at least quite three
Towering upward heavenwards with silent majesty.

The next great building in our brief category is the Transportation Building, and this ought not to have been missed by those who desire to see the ramifications of modern mechanical science in her latest achievements, from the tiny conveyances for the transportation of infants to the great contrivances for moving the heaviest weights. We have here a bewildering collection of all shapes and kinds of

machines and conveyances. Cyclists will no doubt have made pilgrimages to this building in thousands, for their collection of transportation machines may, without exaggeration, be designated legion. In fact, you find yourself in a kind of maze where pneumatic and other 'matics meet you at every turn, and you cannot decide which is the right one. "The top notch of progress," by which one man rode from his own funeral," The Rambler," with its special frame, bearings, sprocket, valves, and tire, "The Crypto-gear'd ordinary," with its spokes of Swedish swaged steel, detachable rear wheel, T handles and adjustable ball steering ; or the "Sunol full roadster," of the improved diamond pattern, with positively dust-resisting, oil-retaining bearings, anti-friction roller chain, and brake of the direct plunger pattern ; or the utterly confounding number of others which tell of their superiority in story-like enchanting fashion, with multitudes of testimonials to prove conclusively that they are the best, the safest, and the most reliable.

Wheelmen of the world, here is your opportunity : such a variety of cycle exhibits never before grouped together, and which embrace all kinds, shapes, and makes, presenting the

very latest and the very best. Some firms have gone to a fabulous expense in fitting up elaborate booths for their display; one has a brass and bronze inclosure, and another is fitted up in solid mahogany,—in fact, the machines are so highly silvered, and are set off by such surroundings, that you can almost imagine yourselves entering a well-fitted, well-stocked silversmith's establishment. Then you have fine carriages, and in this department America does not stand alone, for France and other countries are well to the fore with Cee and other spring conveyances, well upholstered, splendidly finished, and arranged for one or more horses.

In the locomotive exhibit we have railway engines and cars, old and new, which fully represent the growth and development of this section of transportation, in which so much of the wealth of nations is invested. I have seen it stated somewhere that the railroads of the present day have cost from £5,000,000,000 to £6,000,000,000, which, it is said, represents one-tenth of the wealth of the countries where they exist; and probably this amount is far more than all the available money existing in those nations. What a mighty advance this is

since the days of George Stephenson and his contemporaries, and how this is demonstrated by the exhibits here! The Great Western Railway Company of England has a fine engine, "Lord of the Isles." The London and North-Western Railway Company is represented by an engine, "Queen Empress," and two carriages. Just opposite to these is the complete train of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and as most of my readers will have seen the English trains so frequently and not the Canadian, I will give a few particulars of the latter.

This company gives an actual representation of their Canadian Pacific Standard Train, and not one just made for Exhibition purposes. Upon the souvenir presented you have the horizontal and vertical sections of the train given, and also full detailed measurements. The train is vestibuled throughout, and measures 400 ft. in length, 10 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in width, and 14 ft. 8 in. in height. The cars are (1st-class) 64 ft. 4 in. in length, weigh 65,300 lb., and seat fifty-six passengers. The 2nd-class car, 64 ft. 4 in. long, is a convertible sleeper, and carries sixty-four passengers. The "Savoy" dining car is 70 ft. 10 in. in length, 85,000 lb. weight, seats thirty people. The tables and seats on one

side are arranged for four, and on the other two persons. The kitchen and pantry are most conveniently fitted according to modern requirements.

The sleeper "Satsuma" is 77 ft. 2 in. long, 94,000 lb. weight, and has six wheels; and bath-rooms, state-room, and smoke-room are all that could be desired.

The baggage car is 63 ft. 8 in. long, weighs 59,600 lb. The locomotive has ten wheels, and with tender measures 59 ft. 8 in.; weight when loaded 213,000 lb. The "drivers" are 69 in. diameter, cylinders 19 in., with 24 in. stroke. Tender capacity three thousand gallons. This engine is capable of taking a train of ten cars=420 gross tons at the rate of sixty miles per hour.

The train can be heated with steam throughout, and is lighted with electricity.

The whole of this finely upholstered, magnificently equipped train, the exterior of which is constructed in Honduras mahogany, was built at the Company's works, Montreal.

Well done, Canada! When will England appreciate thee as she ought? May thy beautiful trains long run from ocean to ocean, and thy greatness and prosperity continue to increase.

Now passing to ocean transportation, England is well to the front, and her mercantile and less peaceful navy are both well displayed by a great number of models.

It is stated that the P. & O. steamship exhibit alone consists of two hundred models of vessels which have been, or are now, in use by this company.

The past history of this huge ocean concern is sketched out from its commencement in 1837, when it had only two small boats; and now her fleet is worth some £7,000,000, and many of her ships rank as armed cruisers.

The P. & O. have reduced their freight charges between Bombay and London, which in 1837 were \$150 a ton, to \$1.75 in 1893—so the official Exposition guide states.

In the American section—where there are some fifty specimens of locomotive engines, one weighing 195,000 lb.—we have also displayed what will show the lady who is said to rule the waves that she will have a formidable competitor, just emerging from infancy, but with very lofty aspirations; for she here displays, in her exhibition attire, the evidences of a rapid development. We pass over her models of steam craft and her small boats, along with all

those old-fashioned traces of what has been, and gaze at that overpowering sight, dwarfing all others around—*i.e.*, a full section of one of the transatlantic steamships she is now constructing at Philadelphia.

This section from the centre of the ship is 60 ft. long, and four stories high, showing exactly the interior and exterior of this portion of a modern "liner." It is $\frac{1}{6}$ th of the entire ship, and is fitted in the "up to date" fashion.

It has been an expensive undertaking for some one—whether the builders, owners, or the Government, I do not know—but it is a fine advertisement for "the American Line," and will be much appreciated by the American people, who are certainly very loyal to their country, and especially to their home industries.

Now, according to the latest information, this line has two steamers, *The Paris* and *The New York*, 10,800 tons, which were built in England, and are two out of the fourteen steamers afloat over 8,000 tons register.

Nine of the fourteen are British, and the other three belong to other nationalities, so England has still the premier position. Then, taking the

whole steamers afloat above a certain tonnage at 12,801, England possesses 5694. Then, if you look at the vast army of British ships valued at £220,000,000, they would, if placed end to end, reach 570 miles.

Such are facts stated by *Lloyd's French Register*; so from this it would appear that the British nation holds a majestic position. But when we see the American nation coming forward with her actualities and her plans of future enterprise, we begin to wonder whether the supremacy of our transatlantic carrying trade will be long upheld, or whether the struggle will be a long and profitless encounter between two great powers, actuated by a friendly desire to cut each other's throats. Well, this part of our passenger transportation business is not a very paying concern, so travellers may expect that competition will, in the next few years, give them every obtainable advantage. This will virtually be a struggle of the American Government with our private companies; for our authorities will not put an extra penny on the income tax, or even a small tariff on American goods, to make the encounter a profitable one for our steamship combinations; for England and America are two different nations, and look at

the same things through spectacles of opposite construction.

Now, to give an instance of this: passing to the agricultural section, where are exhibited all kinds of machinery for farmers' use, and ploughs made of chilled iron, and brightened to such an extent that it seems a pity to soil them, where also you behold the products of the earth in endless profusion, you come to one attractive stand, where you see refreshments served, and you enter, are supplied with a delicious dish, handed a bright little book, and a card with three chubby little girls' faces thereon, and read beneath, "We eat Quaker oats." On the other side of this you have the trade mark, "A Quaker," in the style of dress worn by those of this persuasion in a bygone age. Then you have these "Quaker oats" glorified in true American style, and after you have gratuitously partaken of these well cooked and well creamed, you feel inclined to say ditto to all you read, and give in return this mention of American cereal foods, if not in lieu of payment, in the shape of a thankoffering advertisement. But to the point: on page 7 of the book presented, which contains recipes for cakes, etc., made from some forty products of oats, wheat, corn

barley, rye of great variety, and buckwheat, and also offers handsome prizes for others, you have the following patriotic effusion :—

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—1893.

“ We take great pride in our Exhibit in the Gallery of the Agricultural Building as being wholly the work of American brains and hands. Every part of our Exhibit, to its smallest details, is made from special designs by American artists, by American mechanics, from American material. The oak grew in American forests, the brass, ornamental glass, terra-cotta vases, and china are from American factories ; the dresses of the attendants from American looms ; the grain (corn, wheat, rye, oats, and barley) used in decoration, from American farms ; and America's Cereal Foods (the greatest variety made in the world) are served to the world on American plates and saucers by American women.”

Bravo, America ! you are quite right. Alas, our old English patriotism has passed from us, and we now in our slumbers are even inclined to dream that we have somewhere the label attached to our own persons, “ Made in Germany,” or somewhere else foreign to our own land.

In the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the mammoth erection of the Exposition, I was very gratified to see two very successful Cheshire firms side by side.

Messrs. Brunner, Mond & Co., of Winnington,

Northwich, whose rapid extensions are almost in keeping with the rise and progress of the great city of Chicago. This great alkali firm, with its special patented process and mouth-watering dividends, sounds more like the ideal American industry than one carried on in the old country, where it stands prominently out as an oasis in the desert. The following is the chemical analysis of the alkali manufactured by this eminent firm :—

Carbonate of Soda . . .	98.72	per cent.
Sulphate of Soda . . .	0.20	" "
Chloride of Sodium . . .	0.54	" "
Carbonate of Lime . . .	0.13	" "
Carbonate of Magnesia . . .	0.04	" "
Peroxide of Iron . . .	0.01	" "
Alumina	0.01	" "
Silica	0.09	" "
Moisture	0.26	" "
Total . .	100.00	

Its companion and fellow county industry is one presenting the same striking developments, and Cheshire may be proud in possessing at least two really prosperous concerns in these days of depression; for the world-wide acknowledged firm of Brunner, Mond & Co., and the Sunlight Soap Co., are now responsible for that taste of prosperity the county would like to

have a full meal of. The Sunlight people have done the Exhibition element thoroughly, for the dwelling of their speciality is surmounted by a model of Windsor Castle, one of the residences of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to whom they have been appointed soap-makers by special warrant; and the electrical light shows the beauty of their interior adornments to perfection.

This celebrated Soap Co., with their Sunlight Port and immense factories, have probably provided the finest souvenir to be found in the whole exhibition, with letterpress by Mr. G. A. Sala, and the most artistic photographic transfers you could wish to see. This souvenir will be much prized by its numerous recipients, and we trust will herald in many homes the coming of that sunlight which brings brightness, pleasure, and comfort.

I also was glad to find "The United Alkali Co.," with a well-arranged selection of their numerous manufactures, in another part of the building.

This gigantic alkali combination has a paid-up capital of \$42,000,000, and a reserve fund of \$2,500,000. They own forty-five large chemical copper and metal works, three extensive salt works, two soap factories, and a works for

making refined resin. They employ 15,000 hands, possess hundreds of miles of sidings, upwards of 2000 railway waggons, 65 locomotives, besides a fleet of 10 steamers and 90 other vessels and several interests not here enumerated.

The States make a great display of boots and shoes with machinery in operation; one machine will make 10,010 button-holes in a day.

The French Section has a very fine collection of silk and satin, etc.

Worcester china shows up well against all competitors.

Almost every known nation has something to show worthy of mention; but the fact is, this huge building contains more than any one person will ever see, and no person will ever describe,—so I say farewell.

The Machinery Hall has many admirers from all parts of the world. In the English exhibits, among others, are Messrs. Galloway of Manchester, with a pair of powerful compound condensing engines; Messrs. Platt Bros., of Oldham, have cotton mill machinery; Messrs. Hornsby of Grantham have their special engine, and the "Hornsby Ackroyd" patent safety oil

engine, whose able inventor happened to be a member of our party. Then I had an invitation from the chairman of the syndicate to view a type-setting machine ; and on the steamship *Berlin* this gentleman informed me how the trades unions in England had deprived the British workman of his employment, through their antagonism to the introduction of this machine.

The small printers in Germany took to the invention readily ; and as a type-setter will do the work of from three to six men, it can well be seen how our book publishers can have their printing done cheaper in Germany than at home. When will the trade agitator listen to reason?—for surely the simplest mind can grasp the fact that if wages are raised to an artificial extent, or if the best appliances for saving labour are refused, other nations who use these, and pay less wages, must obtain the work.

Strikes are now being condemned, 'tis true ; men have found out their sad effects, but another worse phase of the labour struggle is appearing in the way of lessening hours without lessening pay. This will place our manufacturers in a worse position than ever and many more will

be driven by their tyrannical taskmasters, with "grey hairs in sorrow," to a premature grave. Working men little know the terrible strain they subject their employers to, neither do they imagine how many failures in our country are attributable to the fact that the dishonesty of organisation has for years compelled the supposed capitalist to pay away for wages other people's money, until the end has come and the creditors have been called together. Who is to blame?

The man could not obtain more than a stated price for his production, and why should he have been positively forced to become dishonest against his will? Some would say he should have withdrawn from business, but this is a harder matter than seems on the surface, and might have been an utter impossibility. Take as an example the trade in England, which figures more conspicuously in the black list than any other of similar proportions, and investigate the cause of failure, and you will find those engaged in it have been absolutely compelled by trade organisations to pay a price for labour more than they could command, so, the purchasing price being greater than the selling, collapse was inevitable. This is not the place to make a revelation; but I

could write such a book from actual facts that would prove conclusively that the very men who champion the labour cause, and tell of the downtrodden, hardly-used, ruthlessly robbed working man, are themselves not only responsible for many of his present trials, but have upon their shoulders the blood-guiltiness of wrecking many enterprises, filling the hearts of many with a gnawing anxiety no words can picture, blasting the opening prospects of many a success, and ruining many a bright and happy home. And why? Because they decree the impossible, which is to regulate the price of labour and its conditions by a system of theories which have no economic foundation, and must eventually bring ruin and disaster both on employer and employed. We have too much of this "deliver or die" business; and the trader, and his friend, and brother in affliction, the well-bled working man, scarcely enjoy the freedom and protection of the dark ages, and on the present system of handicapping they must lose the race. From whence can we look for deliverance?

Some ministers of religion seek to render service, but they display the grossest ignorance, lose sight of the main issues, and make matters

infinitely worse. They join the agitator, assume his unchristianlike calling, make out the employer a fiend and the most unsympathetic wretch on earth, and, like his companion, the landlord, not to be even credited with the feelings of a brute.

Absolute perfection there may not be; but where any business is sufficiently remunerative, the working man seldom has occasion to grumble.

As an example, take the two Cheshire firms mentioned in this chapter. They are specially prosperous, and make the most sumptuous provision for their employés.

Therefore, it is not the absence of will that should be blamed, but the necessary power regretted; for if other firms could enjoy the same good fortune the British laymen would almost exceed the suggested generosity of the clericals.

Turning the subject, we will enter the Fine Arts Palace for a change. We here find America, England, Canada, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Spain, Holland, Japan, and Mexico, claiming hanging space of over 170,000 square feet. In all cases the picture line is taken 30 in. from the floor, and in calculating the space the upper line at 15 ft., except in the

galleries, where 12 ft. only is estimated. The fine arts include oil and water-colour paintings, pastel drawings, bronze reproductions, sculpture, engravings, etchings, metal work, embroideries, lacquer work, etc. ; and if I have added up their sum total aright, there must be nearly 10,000 specimens, of which the States claim about one-third. The paintings in oil perhaps claim the lion's share of one's attention, as they are so numerous ; and while some of them are very good, the vast majority would hardly claim an average position. You certainly have not the quality in the same proportion as found in one of our own provincial exhibitions, take Manchester for instance, a few years ago.

The difference is about as great as that of the exhibition at the old Royal House at San Germain, and the splendid work now exhibited at Rouen, or say the choice collection at Luxembourg Musée. The quantity was too great to examine minutely, and few live in the memory ; but in the American school a large picture called "Portrait of Dr. —," is one of the few, and he is represented with others in a dissecting room, putting you in mind, as far as subject-matter is concerned, of Rembrandt's "Anatomist" at The Hague ; but a ramble round such treasuries as

this, and that at Amsterdam, is more to my liking than this vast assortment of good, bad, and indifferent productions.

Perhaps that portion of the World's Exposition in which America is far ahead of all competitors is the Palace of Electricity; here she is seen in her natural splendour, eclipsing by her dazzling light every other nation. Her great electrician and champion, Mr. Edison, has done much in this branch of scientific research, and America may be justly proud of him as one of her chief intellectual adornments. There are some charming effects produced on the roof of this building by rapidly changing flows of light, sent along as if by magic through the medium of coloured glasses. Then you have smaller effects which work with automatic regularity, much to the amazement and instruction of the beholder.

You have also the multitude of ways in which electricity can be applied, other than the better-known ones: for instance, glass engraving, etc., etc. In fact, there is a mysterious, almost unearthly revelation made to you on all hands, and you wonder, What next? What next?

The Horticultural Section has some fine grouping of palms and foliage plants; but

probably the best thing in the whole is the large-sized model of "The Capitol at Washington," made in everlasting flowers.

The Mineral Department also is very good; and the Lancashire coal and cannel industry, and the Cheshire salt trades have very creditable displays.

The Woman's Building would more especially interest the ladies, and members of our royal family are among the exhibitors; the American ladies are very proud of the fact that a lady was its architect, and all must admit how well she has succeeded. All kinds of attractions to charm the feminine mind, if not "to calm the savage breast," are here found in rich profusion.

There are some nice paintings—one by Lady Butler, "To the Front," priced \$8,625. Then you can take the elevator, and ascend to the roof of the structure, where you obtain clean and good light refreshments at a reasonable cost. Then you should not fail to drink in the beauties of the peristyle, which gives such a magnificent effect, with the music hall and casino at each end.

There is also a Children's Building. This is quite a place of instruction, and on its roof

there are a playground and miniature lake for boat sailing. Lessons are given by trained gymnastic performers, to demonstrate what is described as a "National System of Physical Culture." There are also model kitchens, music rooms, and plenty of toys. Teaching deaf children to hear was one object-lesson we saw, given by teachers from the "Home for the Training in Speech of Deaf Children before they are of School Age." This institution has not been opened very long, but it is likely to be very successful. The home is at Philadelphia. May it prosper.

The Children's Building serves a very useful purpose as a care-taking establishment, where children may be left in good charge for a small cost, while their parents view the wonders of the Exposition.

The building outside is adorned with sundry mottoes. Here are two :—

"Just as a twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"God's little ones are to become the great ones of the earth."

The Fisheries Building has a grand collection of fishing appliances, and also a great variety of live fish.

Then outside you have plenty to see : some

fifty electric launches on the lake, gondolas, and sixty gondoliers of genuine origin (for these men, it is distinctly stated, were brought direct from Venice); the beautiful wooded island, the wonderful chair railway on the pier; the great attractions in the Midway Plaisance—a stretch of ground nearly a mile long, by 600 ft. wide—which embrace the Irish village, with Blarney Castle in the midst, the German village, Egyptian and Japanese villages, Moorish Palace, North Pole Skating Rink, St. Peter's in Miniature, Street in Old Vienna, Turkish Theatre, Street in Cairo, Tower of Babel, Wisconsin Cranberry Patch, Zoopraxographical Hall; and, as the auctioneer would say, etc., etc., too numerous to mention; or, what the showman might describe as an "holio" of incomprehensible wonders. For certainly you have here, and in the World's Fair throughout, a conglomeration of the wonderful, the amusing, the beautiful, the mysterious, and the grand, which the mind tries to grasp, the tongue to describe, the pen to paint, whereas it is a vainglorious achievement, which no one will satisfactorily and completely perform.

Farewell, thou stately majesty, thou white-

robed bride, without a suitor for thy hand, for thy equal cannot be found to stand beside thee ; and ere he is grown to man's estate thy glory may have departed, and thy husband may sigh for a bride ! So I leave thee, great Fair of the West, hearing thy thundering voices giving the lie to thy defamers, and proclaiming from thy many palaces and halls of fame in a deafening chorus that thou art, what thou hast truly claimed to be,

The Greatest, the Grandest, and the Best.

My best wishes are thine. And so we bow, retire, and present our valedictory testimonial to thee.

"THE WORLD'S FAIR."

No records of the past, we know,
Reveal the story of a show

Like this World's Fair ;
For what we read of all the earth,
Tells not an age has given birth,
Or what did dare.

For such a giant thing to make,
Conceive, and plan, and undertake,
Required the day
When science should display her skill
With magic force, bring forth at will
Great powers to play.

And yet in coming days, when we
Know more of her philosophy,
And can detect
The latent charms which she may hold,
Which minds cannot as yet behold,
Some may project

A thing far mightier than this show.
Then men may pause, and want to know
What earth will see !
When further still pow'rs will combine
And intermix and intertwine
In harmony.

Then intermingling forces will
Produce by their united skill——
What mind can see,
Conjecture or now comprehend,
What may be, or dare now contend
What may not be ?

The truth might seem like insane thought,
Which some disordered mind had brought
From its vain store ;
Yet if the future should proceed
At present rates, men should succeed
In knowing more.

And knowledge gained, and well applied,
Will see the present magnified
To what extent ?
Ah ! who can picture ? who can say ?
For scientists e'en of to-day
Are not content.

For they conceive, and rightly too,
That exploration has its due,
 In changing night.
So they the students' candle burn,
And o'er dark pages quickly turn,
 Make darkness light.

Thus, in the light of clearer days,
When other suns send other rays
 Than we now see,
Then other men may make displays
Of works unknown in these great days
 Of 'ninety-three.

Then some "World's Fair" a mind may plan,
Not now conjectured by that man,
 Who has believed
The wonders of the earth are known,
Unconscious that it may be shown
 He is deceived.

So while "The World's Fair" holds a place
Of honour, yet some may just trace,
 In dim outline,
A finer effort to excel
The men who have designed so well
 In this their time.

For know, "Excelsior" is the creed,
Of men who ever must proceed,
 And mountains scale;
They march like heroes to the fight,
They seek with courage for more light,
 And will prevail.

CHAPTER VI.

NIAGARA FALLS.

How feelingless the soul, which cannot gaze with rapturous
eyes
On rolling glory and transcendent beauty, which
defies
The best of artists to produce aright, with brush or
pen,
For Nature only can display her choicest diadem.

ON Tuesday evening, August 8th, we left
“Lexington Hotel” *en route* for
Niagara Falls. Every one seemed well pleased
with their Chicago experiences, and though the
weather had been excessively hot we had
no serious case of illness, though one of our
younger members was for a time rather bad,
but a couple of doses of our celebrated “cure”
set him straight quickly.

When our train had steamed out of the station
a man came round with newspapers, etc.; the
evening Chicago paper, published at one cent,
we had to pay five for. This system is generally
practised on this continent; and even at the

hotel newspaper stalls a three-cent morning paper costs you an extra two cents. Newspaper selling is a good thing here, for whether in shops, streets, or cars, you have usually to pay a good percentage on the price stated thereon.

We pass the Fair, which looks very brilliant with its halo of electrical lights, and then we read our papers. We read of a certain reverend gentleman with many dollars in his possession being relieved of them the night previous, in coming from the Fair. He had alighted from the train, entered Chicago streets, and before he could extricate himself from the jocular attentions of three flashly, richly jewelled females his dollars were missing. Fortunately several detectives had been watching the movements of these ladies during the evening, and they were nicely caught; but the report did not say whether the German divine who received their unwelcome attentions regained his dollars.

Then you have to read the wordy encounters of the lady managers of "The Fair," for they have had uproarious meetings, and discussions where personalities were freely indulged in, and from the strength of the language used, it

is a wonder they did not descend to the modern parliamentary level, and have it out.

But you're not yet so bad as that,
Are you, my pretty beauties ?
Though perhaps you felt inclined to "scrat,"
To prove sweet honour's duties.

But no ! you curbed the angry heart,
And left no lasting traces
To show the pugilistic art
Upon your charming faces.

But should you into M.P.s grow,
And prove real fighting members,
You will the same sad antics show
The British House remembers.

But you may say that such a post
Is more than your wish reaches ;
Although your poor grandfather's ghost
Sees that you wear his breeches.

But now, alas ! vile man decrees
Man's status you are claiming,
For he with wondering eyes now sees
Where your desires are aiming.

But see, you have his coat and hat,
His waistcoat, collar, gaiters !
And you have donned your lord's cravat,
And look like woman haters.

But keep your temper, though you choose
Man's dress and occupation ;
For know, poor apes, he will refuse
Your offers of flirtation.

But ah ! your aspirations must,
Ye men-like, aping creatures,
True manhood's bright affection thrust
Away from your strange features.

Ladies of the World's Fair management, pray excuse me saying your disasters arise through your undertaking work not exactly in woman's line, and which should be left to the gentlemen. You have done your best, but you are not cut out to deal with these business niceties, and your efforts generally terminate in a quarrel.

Ah, beautiful womanhood ! with all your graces, fascinations, and alluring enchantments, you will find plenty of admirers and worshippers if you confine yourselves to the more refined tastes of life, for even man finds it sometimes very difficult to avoid the calamity which has overtaken you, although his resisting powers are very much stronger than yours. Yours is a graceful allotment in life, an elevated position of which you may be justly proud ; so pray don't part with your better nature for a miserable nothing, but rather seek to increase your homely, queenly, womanly graces, and so gain the strong hearts, the sincere affection, the love and esteem of those who would

otherwise despise you and cover you with reproach.

Ah, ladies ! you little know your power, for you can have your rights,—yea, have your own way, and you can gain anything a true heart desires by those womanly adornments—grace, gentleness, dignity, and love.

So, lovely woman, do not sell
Thy many charms for man's attire,
But cherish thy endowments well,
And to thy zenith pray aspire.
Thus will fond lovers on thee gaze,
And offer thee true manly hearts,
For men like thy bewitching ways
If but adorned by nature's arts.

Good evening, ladies ! your coloured countryman is now anxious to put us all right for the night, so we retire, and are, by Mr. Pullman's kindness and ingenuity of invention, soon placed in the embracing arms of the goddess of slumber, utterly oblivious even of the existence of the feminine masculinities of the World's Fair, and even forgetful of their tempestuous disquisitions.

When the breakfast car is attached, in the morning, every member of our contingent seems ready for action ; and, it is therefore, unnecessary

to add, ample justice was done to the good things provided.

The Michigan Central, which claims to be the only real "Niagara Falls Route," certainly gives you a very graphic view of the Falls, and also the Rapids. For this purpose every train is pulled up about a mile from the station, and stops five minutes for "The Falls View," to enable passengers, from the platforms of the train or the fine level patch of greensward, to have their first glance at these ever-rolling cataracts.

This small space of time does not give you a sufficient opportunity of fully grasping the greatness of the sight Nature here presents to you, for you must calmly pause, look, think, wonder, and set in motion all your faculties of extended perceptiveness, before you succeed in appreciating the appalling proportions of this terrific sea of glory, this tumbling, confused rush of waters, moving, with such tremendous velocity, eternally onward over those precipitous cliffs, along that awful self-constructed channel to the greater ocean beyond ; for it is only in a season of inspired contemplation that you can view this great masterpiece aright, and see in the fulness of its transcendent light the majesty of the great Creator of the universe.

Our hotel is situated on the Canadian side of the Falls, and directly opposite the entrance to the "Queen Victoria Park," a valuable and desirable piece of property acquired a few years ago, and made into a free pleasure resort for the people.

Along one side of the hotel is the "Niagara Falls Park and River Railway." This is of recent construction, and is said to be "the best equipped electric line on the Continent."

The power is gained from the Falls, and engineers should not fail to see "the power house," where the arrangements are such that the electrical agent can be generated to any extent required.

This overhead wire line runs from Queenstown to Chippawa, and affords a very satisfactory, cheap, quick, and delightful means of seeing the falls, rapids, whirlpools, and eddies from a fine vantage ground.

My first experience on this line was from the Falls to Chippawa, and the morning was a "scorcher."

The "no dust, no smoke, no cinders" line in this direction runs over Cedar Island, Dufferin Island, and crosses sundry bridges, over gurgling, swiftly flowing currents. You are introduced

on the way to a new sensation : you pass through a veritable cloud of flies, of a large, long, curious species, and these cover you in such numbers that your clothes bear a very lively and ornamental appearance.

Many people visiting Chippawa have been very disappointed in not finding this an Indian settlement, but they have long disappeared farther away from advanced civilisation. In the days not very long ago this would not have been a disappointment, for in the bloody past, with its horrible encounters, the settlers were quite ready to give the savage a wide berth.

In the state of Pennsylvania, which just touches with one of its corners Lake Erie, from which these great waters flow, there was in 1764 a terrible tragedy enacted. This is vividly brought to mind in *The Globe*, "Utica, Saturday, August 12th, 1893," through building a monument to the memory of those who were savagely murdered in what is known as "the Enoch Brown Massacre." This old schoolmaster, a venerable man of seventy years, taught a little school some three miles from Greenfield. The children came for instruction from many miles round, but on the day of this revolting incident

fortunately some of the scholars were absent. It was July 26th, and the scholars only numbered eleven. It was in the morning, and the children were engaged learning and reciting their lessons, when one of the girls uttered a shriek of terror.

Why, the graphic illustration clearly shows ; for standing at the open door were three Indians. The old schoolmaster could at once divine they were on a mission of death, and he pleaded for the lives of the children committed to his charge ; but his request was unavailing, for he and ten of the scholars were killed and scalped by these bloodthirsty savages. The eleventh scholar, a boy, was also left for dead ; but he recovered, to be the tragic relator of this heinous and thrilling crime.

The children not returning home in the afternoon, a search party was instituted ; and on arriving at the cabin-like schoolhouse found the mangled bodies of the venerable teacher and his pupils. But now the times are altered, and many of the Indians have learned to respect the laws of civilisation.

At Chippawa I was handed a piece of paper, on which was a roughly drawn plan, and the words,

“GOING BACK, STOP OFF AND VISIT

“THE FAMOUS OLD BURNING SPRING.

“Don't miss it. The greatest of earth's wonders. Burning water from the interior crust of the earth.”

The invitation was accepted, so I “stopped off,” and mounted the hill to see this wonder, discovered by Indians one hundred years ago ; and I was not “induced to turn to the right or left,” but reached the burning spring.

First you proceed through a shop, then enter a dark room, which looks very dismal until the light is applied to the burning element, whatever that may be. There is a water inclosure, about five or six feet diameter, and in the centre of this an iron pipe rises to about the height of a man. The tap is turned and this is lighted. On extinguishing the light, the pipe is removed, and instantly the water is set in motion by some force striving to gain liberty through it. The lighted match is again applied, and the water is all aflame with a fantastic light with struggling waves, producing a very ghostlike effect. Then the shutters are removed, and you are allowed to examine to your heart's content.

Since, I have heard it stated, this burning spring is a sell—that some current of burning

ingredients is transmitted to the place ; but this seems to be rather far-fetched, for had this been a swindle its originators would have placed the supposed burning spring in a more accessible situation. My conviction is that this is an escapement of natural gas and the pressure is so great that it forces its way through the water to the surface, and freed therefrom is easily ignited. It is not the water which burns, but the vapour on its surface ; and if there is a deception at all it consists in the name only, for the eruption of gas from the subterranean crevices beneath the earth's surface is something of a curiosity to the beholders who have never seen anything of the kind before. Regaining the river side, you await the electric car, for of walking under such a sun you have had quite enough.

In the afternoon you take the opposite direction, where you mount the high cliffs overlooking the rapids ; and you experience the unpleasant effects of the inability of an amateur driver to keep down his excessive excitement ; for first you rush at full speed, then he frantically motions to the other man to apply the brake, I presume.

However, you have alternate shocks of too

rapid travelling, and sadly too quick stops ; and this, coupled with the look of wild nervousness on the driver's face, makes you nervous too.

You first of all pass the New Suspension Bridge, rebuilt in 1889, with a span of 1268 ft. from centre to centre of towers, and which crosses the great gulf less than a quarter of a mile from the Falls. It is 190 ft. above the river, and visitors are not supposed to know that the previous structure was destroyed by a gale.

Then you see the Cantilever Bridge of the Michigan Central, made of steel, with a total length of 910 ft. This is considered to be a sight worthy of notice, as it is one of the first bridges of its kind ever erected. Another fine bridge crosses lower down the river—a railway suspension bridge, with roadway for passengers and vehicles beneath. Of course I had no opportunity of calculating the strength of these several bridges, neither do I know the greatest force and velocity the wind down this chasm has been known to register ; but I could not help wondering whether they could resist the onslaught of one of those devastating cyclones this continent is sometimes visited by. Probably elaborate estimates have been duly

gone into by their designers ; but even looking now at the photograph of one of these bridges, with a train travelling in each direction, you don't feel any yearning desire to be in one when the wind should play its furious feats of strength on this exposed situation.

Nearing Queenston, you pass beneath the lofty monument erected to the memory of General Brock, in 1826 firstly, but destroyed by an explosion in 1840. The imposing structure gracing the heights above stands 185 ft. high, and has a base of 45 ft. square. Lower down the steep gradient, and nearer Queenston, is a massive piece of masonry, said to have been "erected" by the Prince of Wales in 1860, and which marks the spot where the gallant General heroically fell, along with his *aide-de-camp*. Hereon we read,

"NEAR THIS SPOT

"MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK. K.C.B.,

"PROVISIONAL LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

"OF UPPER CANADA,

"FELL, 12TH OCTOBER, 1812,

"WHILE ADVANCING TO REPEL THE INVADING ENEMY."

Queenston is a bright little place, surrounded by vineyards ; and from its overhanging heights you have a grand view of the river and Lake Ontario, whose boundaries are described as the fruit garden of Canada.

On the day of our arrival the entire company had a fine carriage drive on the American side of the river. The place where poor Captain Webb lost his life was visited, also the place where the river takes such a sudden turn. The water rushes with great force against the high, perpendicular rock, and suddenly turns round to the right. This peculiarity, looked at from a distance, appears as the terminus ; but when you view the boiling abyss, with its fearful whirlpools, you are inclined to sit down with the students of the Glacier period, and ask them how and why and when that body of water burst its banks and constructed for itself this other channel.

You descend by an elevator to the raging torrent below, and wonder at the daring of any man casting himself in its whirling bosom.

Returning, we pass over the bridge to Goat Island, see the American Falls, and thence to the Horseshoe Falls, and have a really delightful drive through the wooded park.

We descend the steps, stand by the water, and hear its roar with a sort of fascination, the offspring of inexhaustible amazement.

We see the almost indescribable wonder of 15,000,000 cubic feet of water plunging headlong over an irregular curve of some 3000 ft. every minute, descending 158 ft., so it is said ; but who can tell the unfathomable depth below the surface of the escaping waters, which must have been made in the centuries these waters have flowed ?

We then drive to the Islands known as "The Three Sisters," and have to alight and cross three bridges before we reach the farthest one. The ladies stay in the carriage, and I, along with "a fine old English gentleman," go to find out what "The Three Sisters" are like. The other carriages appear to have taken a different route, for ours did this part of the journey alone.

From these islands you have a good view of "The Grand Island," over 15,000 acres in extent—a few miles farther up the river. You also have a full view of the vast range of water, which is some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in width.

It is rather enchanting to read about "The Hermit" of Niagara, who used to bathe near

these islands, but was eventually drowned. Just above these little islands the river seems to have a sudden drop of ten or twelve feet, and consequently the water rushes between with great rapidity.

A notice is posted up :

“DO NOT GO IN DANGEROUS PLACES.”

Certainly there is plenty of danger to the careless, but the only danger I was at all afraid of was in the shape of two men. One of these was on the outer island and the other on the centre bridge, as if there was some collusion existing. On both these men I kept a close watch, for it seemed to me very suspicious. My companion stayed to look at the raging waters from the bridge, but I took him by the arm, and did not tell him my reason until we had regained the carriage.

My own conviction is that these two men meant mischief if a favourable chance had been provided. They certainly were not of the sight-seeing class, and the place was very convenient for the committal of any crime, the traces of which these mighty waters would have buried in their bosom. Our driver now takes us to the other side of Goat Island, and we have

another view of the great river, down whose divided and subdivided channel each hour roll one hundred million tons of water, to be hurled over the two great falls. This will show the magnitude of the falls, if nothing else will, if any mind can accurately grasp what these ponderous figures mean. The estimate has been made I believe by an expert. Let any calculating mind contemplate and think how many tons pass over these rocks in a single second, and he will appreciate more than before the almost incomprehensible force this great torrent represents. Carry your estimate a little further, and take one day of twenty-four hours, and construct this water into a huge mountain, and you will be utterly astonished at its stupendous proportions. Or take the opposite problem, and see the immense lake these waters would make in a single day, and you then understand something, however faint the conception, of the extent of the sea of water which proceeds from Lake Erie down the river Niagara for twenty-two miles, whose overflow includes, I suppose, the contributions of the other three lakes, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, to be hurled over the cataracts, thence to follow its narrow channel until

entering Lake Ontario, whose waters flow onward to yield their help in making the mighty volume the great St. Lawrence hurries to the sea.

Some of our party made the uproarious trip by the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, which makes her way through the boiling waters very near the Horseshoe Falls. The thundering noise, the spray, the mist, and the wild commotion, are rather alarming to timid people, and the oil-cased venturous spirits who take this excursion and also visit the Cave of the Winds, look like amateur Arctic explorers.

One gentleman writer, who ventured rather farther than ordinary mortals dare through these gorgeous archways, describes the terrific air-currents in startling language, and states the effect is like "actual blows with the fist." The two evenings we spent at Niagara were very pleasant, for we had some good music and singing. Then it was nice to stroll outside, for we had the electric light, which has a strange shadowy effect with the moving tree foliage. What a vast number of insects this light attracts! One of our friends secured a very large specimen of greenish colour, which was the subject of much curious examination. The

natives called it a bug, but they call many insects by this name.

During our excursion we had often heard the buzz of some insects in the trees, a most unusual sound, some said produced by locusts, others by tree frogs. There would be a loud outburst which gradually died away, and was said to be produced by the wings and not by the vocal chords. It was said to be a sign of hot weather; but if the weather became hotter than we experienced, it would be unbearable for English people. We have seen the Falls in the glorious sunshine, and by the light of the pale moon; we have heard the moaning of the waters in the stillness of the night; but the grandest of all sights is to see them in the depth of winter, when the trees in the region of the spray are laden with ice, and every twig is bent with its wintry load.

Then, when the ice flows down from the lake, the sight must be magnificent to view: thousands of ice blocks, some tons in weight, hurled as if from the mouth of a great cannon, to topple over their predecessors, and with a terrible crash seek their place in the gorge below. Wonderful work of Nature, always working, never tiring, but with relentless energy toiling on from

generation to generation, fulfilling an allotted part in the work of the universe, teaching man many lessons, instructing him in great truths, and ever offering ceaseless homage to the great Architect of the world. Farewell, ye mighty chasms, ye gaping graves clothed in solemnity, ye indelible witnesses of Eternal Power, ye quivering torrents, ye overhanging cliffs, ye supernatural elements clothed in spray and mist, with voices of thunder, illuminated by spectre-like rainbows and wonderful shadows, ye rolling mountains of water, with all your entrancing proclamations of majestic force, wonderful velocity, inexorable grandeur and varied loveliness. Farewell ! farewell ! And as I place you, the picture of pictures, within my storehouse of wonders, I shall sing you my own song of admiring eulogy.

Majestic and supremely grand,
The greatest wonder of the land,
Where you are ever found ;
For those who see will go away,
To hear again for many a day
Your wild, terrific sound.

Tremendous forces, roll along,
And sing each day your mighty song,
Your lofty voice upraise !

That list'ning throngs may learn from you
What is their great Creator's due,
And, like you, offer praise.

Then He who did your force ordain
From countless little drops of rain,
With your great voices may
Find feebler notes of praise ascend,
Which will with your vast offering blend
Before His Throne each day.

Speed on then still, ye peerless powers,
So shall you teach to hearts like ours
The Omnipresent might,
The wondrous wisdom, boundless skill,
The grand conception and the will
Of God the Infinite.

Since thus concluding my chapter on Niagara and its resounding glories, I feel that more than the little passing mention is due to "The Hermit," whose nature seems to have been the opposite to that morose temperament, the hermit's general characteristic; for birds and animals richly complimented his gentleness, and the people around were charmed by his eloquence, good breeding, and refinement. I therefore give my rhythmical account of the fragmentary history of one whose life seems to have given to "The Three Sisters" and adjacent islands a richly romantic adornment, which

arouses one's admiration for this hermit about whom such scanty records exist.

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

He was a stranger, quite unknown,
Who came the Falls to see,
Announcing that his sojourning
About a week would be ;
But when his wondering eyes did gaze
Upon the monster sight,
He seemed enchanted to the spot,
And morning, noon, and night,
Would look with rapture on the scene,
Where wonders intermix ;
And then exclaimed, so some one heard,
That it would take quite six,—
Yea, even six weeks would not yield
To view, sufficient time,
The mighty glories of the sight,
Which, like the light divine,
For ever shines with radiance clear,
And will not, cannot stay,
But men behold, with trembling awe,
Through night as well as day.

The six weeks passed, but at their close
The stranger still was found
Enraptured by the picture's power,
The raging waters' sound.
He roamed about the Falls like one
Who, spell-bound, could not leave,
For all his senses seemed aroused,
And every one would grieve

If he should say a long farewell
To what, with magic power,
Appealed in many forms to him
And shortened every hour.

So time fled rapidly along,
Till this was his decree—
He would a tabernacle build
To Nature's majesty.
Then he did seek for leave to place
Amidst the waters' roar,
One of "The Sisters" was the spot,
The nearest to the shore :
He there would have a temple made,
In which he could reside.
But this permission was not gained,
So though not gratified,
His wish then took another form,
He would a hermit dwell
Amid these all-absorbing sights
And sounds he loved so well.

So first on "Iris" he did live ;
The house was very old,
But he was quite contented there
Throughout a winter's cold.
And then some people came to claim
The right to have a home
Upon the lonely island, where
He did enjoy to roam.
But when seclusion's perfect state
Could be no longer here,
He then to "Prospect Point" did go,
And for himself did rear

Another house, though not so large,
Where he could meditate ;
And in blest solitude's retreat,
Far from the world's noise, hate,
And bustle, could there live in peace,
The voice of Nature hear
From all the multitudes of forms
Which daily grew more dear.

His violin, guitar, and flute,
And books were his good friends,
His dog and cat his company,
And so the time he spends.

But why a nature, loving, true,
Should live a life like this,
Was sometimes by the curious asked ;
For they knew not what bliss
A heart that loves sweet solitude
Finds in a calm retreat
Where there is ne'er an angry frown
The look of love to greet.

The hermit perhaps had felt the cold,
The withering look of hate ;
Or, it might be, the other look,
Had come a bit too late.

However, many wondered why
This noble-looking man,
With youth and high intelligence,
Should choose the hermit plan
Of living, where wild Nature charms
With voices some would fear,
But which the ward of loneliness
Is always glad to hear.

And so this hermit, who had seen
The sights of many lands,
Had found the crown to grace them all,
And now in rapture stands
Before the one surpassing those
He previously had seen,
So he in loyalty abides
Before this Empress-Queen.

Thus weeks and months did pass away,
And even birds did find
The hermit's heart was full of love,
And proving he was kind.
They came within his small abode,
From his hand took their meal,
For even hermits may have hearts
Which are not made of steel ;
Though perhaps humanity would judge,
So harshly, yet untrue,
That birds would give what man denies—
The confidence that's due.

What thoughts did fill the hermit's breast
No story e'er can tell,
But we believe that he did love
These glorious prospects well ;
And no doubt oft would contemplate
On ghastly stories told,
Relating to the savage race,
Who, in the days of old,
Did worship these terrific sights.
And in their waters swift,
In a bright flower-bedecked canoe
Would let a maiden drift.

This in their ignorance did think
Would "the great Spirit" please,
And by this human sacrifice
His anger would appease.
But doubtless Heaven's love would surround
The man who could adore
The great Creator's mighty work,
And live upon the shore ;
So that he might both hear and see
Earth's greatest chorus given,
Proclaiming with its ceaseless voice
The majesty of Heaven.
Thus he the heart's best homage gave,
The power of God did own,
And perhaps in his lone solitude
Had many favours shown ;
For there are luxuries which give
The heart immense delight,
Unknown to earth's vast surging throngs,
Who never gain the sight
Of those bright favours hearts enjoy.
Who lonesome pathways tread,
And in that solitude abide
Which other natures dread.
Ah, lonely hermit ! no one knows
The sorrow or the joy
Which did within thy heart prevail,
Or how thou didst employ
The elevated powers of thought
Thy hermitage would claim.
Alas ! thy hand did never pen—
And so man did not gain
Thy mind's revolving, varied themes,
For they, alas ! like thee,

Belong no more to earth, for they
Again can never be.

Thy end was sad, for thou didst bathe
On that cold day in June,
When nature with thee seemed to fail,
For thou wast carried soon
Right over those great thundering falls
Into the depths below.
Then hurried onward by their floods,
Which there for ever flow
To reach those whirling eddies where,
With their unfailing might,
Thy poor remains were driven round
While many viewed the sight.
For one man saw thee on that day
Enter those waters deep,
And on thy clothes left on the bank,
A distant watch did keep ;
Then came to see what was the cause
The bather did not dress,
Only to find thy hermitage
Would now be tenantless.
He knew that cramp, or some fell stroke,
Had played a deadly part,
And that the might thy body claimed
Which had before thy heart.
He raised the cry, and quickly sped
Thy woeful fate to tell
To those who did thy value know,
And did esteem thee well.
So that was why the throng did haste
Along the lower stream,
And saw thy mangled body tossed,—
Alas ! a piteous scene !

They gained at last thy poor remains,
And took them to thy cot ;
Thy faithful dog by instinct showed
He knew his mournful lot,
And that he now was masterless ;
And perhaps by some dumb show
Would let the kitten on thy chair
The same sad message know.

Alas ! thy bearers found thy home
With these sad traces left,
And perhaps would take to these thy pets,
Who were of thee bereft.
Thy strings of music were all mute,
Thy book was open found,
Its reader will ne'er more explore
The thoughts within it bound.

“The Sisters ” for thee will not weep,
For they have hearts of stone ;
But it may be across the sea,
Disheartened and alone,
Some maiden fair would often sigh,
That through some great mistake
Her lover was borne far away
To meet a cruel fate.
Or it might be that she had reached
The golden land before,
And waited thee, with welcome bright,
Upon its distant shore.

But loving hands did bury thee,
Surrounded by the might
Of waters, which thou didst admire ;
And as we view the sight

We think of thee, and how thy life
Before this power did bend,
And how thy tragic, fearful death
Will to their forces lend
A weird voice, to tell the tale,
Whose awe each one enthralls ;
Thus will they honour's tribute pay
The " Hermit of the Falls."

But people wond'ringly still ask,
Is this all that is known?
Can no one tell from whence he came?
Where was his native home?

Well, little else than I have told
Was heard about this man ;
But I will all the rest reveal,
Yes ! everything I can.
His father was a clergyman
In Albion's far-off land,
Remittances were sent from there
And duly came to hand ;
So he had plenty for his wants
While he did here reside,
Through nature's yearnings for the place ;
For he did take a pride
In what his nature loved so well,
Where he heard many calls,
Which even now repeat his name—
These fearful speaking Falls.

Thus " Francis Abbott's " name will live,
His destiny will claim
That all these thundering waters' force
Shall still pronounce his name.

CHAPTER VII.

MONTREAL.

"Mount Royal," thy name, I like it best, for thou hast been,
Along with thy great land, most loyal to our Empress-Queen ;
And also to that smaller land to which thou dost belong,
Thou art of all her children great, the strongest of the strong.

ON Friday morning, August 11th, we left Niagara Falls for Montreal, *viâ* Niagara village, whence we journeyed by train. Here we boarded the lake steamer, had a two hours' sail across Ontario, and reached Toronto about noon.

We had a great number of baskets of very choice fruit brought on board at Niagara, which no doubt were destined for Toronto or some other great Canadian centre. Toronto is a city worth looking at, and our drive round gave us a good idea of its main objects of interest—historical, architectural, and intellectual.

The streets and boulevards are in good order, and laid out with extremely good taste ; the university, the school of science, colleges, hospitals, public offices, and the newly erected,

finely situated, well designed, beautifully adorned House of Parliament show that Toronto means business, and is not going to be left behind by any of her competitors.

There is a very remarkable street here, which of course extends far beyond the city boundaries ; for it is stated to be lined with houses for over thirty miles.

Now the people of Toronto, to their credit be it spoken, are a religious, well-inclined, law-abiding, loyal community ; and I am very much interested in the great struggle they are now engaged in to maintain what they have hitherto enjoyed—*i.e.*, a quiet Sunday.

The Toronto Globe, on the day of our visit, had a most interesting account of this, extending to four columns.

For Sunday observers the Rev. Principal Cavan stated the case with great clearness ; and the immediate question is the proposed innovation of running Sunday cars :—

“ Whatever impairs the sanctity of this day in the minds of men operates against the work and aims of the Christian Church, and the interests of religion. To irreligious persons this is a matter of no consequence ; to those who believe that the highest welfare of our race is bound up with the prevalence of Christianity, it is a consideration of momentous importance.”

And here is the summing up:—

“Far rather would we see our fair city remain a bright example to this continent of regard for the Lord’s day than hasten to renounce its crown, and class itself with other great cities in things that afford warning rather than example.”

The other side, the secularists and infidels, use the argument, and try to prove the expediency and utility of Sunday cars for the working man, who requires pleasure and amusement on Sunday, having worked hard during the six days.

After leaving Toronto I received an advance copy of a religious journal called *Onward*, in which the discussion is carried still further.

This gives an illustration entitled “Toronto’s Crown of Glory, and the Vandals who would despoil her of it.” One figure represents an angel, from whose trumpet hangs a banner, bearing the words, “Toronto’s quiet Sunday, the boast and envy of Christendom.” The central figure is a graceful female form holding the Bible in one hand, and the other bearing a tablet with the words, “Man’s experience proves that God’s law of Sabbath rest from all labour is wise and good.” Then over the crown are the words proceeding in dart-like fashion, “Rest! Peace! Order! Law!” on the pillar

block, "Toronto, famous throughout the world as the city of a quiet Sunday"; then on the base of the monument, "Our unique reputation is our most valuable business asset."

This discussion appears to resolve itself into the contention that we must either deny the living nature of the decalogue, and trample underfoot the fourth commandment, which God Himself gave and never revoked, or we must own this as the revelation of the will of the Creator, to be duly honoured.

Now, as to the question of loss or gain to struggling humanity, any unprejudiced observer must admit that the Sabbath-keepers have evidently the best side of the argument. Contrast a Sunday in Toronto or Edinburgh with one on the Continent. Well, look at the countenances of the two very different peoples.

Take a seat in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne on any fine Sunday afternoon, and see the three thousand conveyances with their living freight of humanity pass each hour. Then go to any city where a quiet, restful, holy day is recognised, and ask yourself the question, which people look the happiest, and appear the best qualified to face the duties of the coming week.

I have often noticed the extreme look of

sorrowful hopelessness on the countenances of the workmen. Take Paris as an instance, where the little cessation for a few hours on Sunday is spent in a whirl of excitement, and many have to work harder on that day of rest than on any other.

Believers in the Bible as the foundation of truth, hesitate before you respond to the invitation of those who would claim your birth-right for what it never was intended by its all-wise Creator; but keep it as the Sabbath, still remembering the promise which time can never annul or destroy, but which remains just the same as when God instructed His holy prophet to proclaim it: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Toronto, I like thee; I admire thy Sabbaths; I will sing thy praises.

Toronto, fair city, on thee we just glance,
But our little view will greatly enhance
 Our thoughts and our liking for thee.
We shall watch o'er thy growth when far, far away,
And live o'er again that part of a day
 We some of thy treasures did see.

We heard of thy valour for truth and for God,
And wish other cities had always thus trod
 In ways that high Heaven will bless ;
For thou, gallant city, for God's holy day
Art fighting and showing to others the way,
 We hope thou wilt meet with success.

For the Sabbath you claim, as that day of rest,
God has said must be kept as holy and blest,
 And this is high Heaven's command.
So hesitate not to continue the fight,
Your words and your actions are certainly right,
 And will God's approval demand.

Remember the Sabbath as His holy day,
Appointed that man might worship and pray,
 And praise the Creator's wise plan,
In freeing from toil, just one day in seven,
When the mind may be fill'd with bright thoughts
 of heaven,
 The home God has promised to man.

Toronto, we praise thee for trying to make
The Sabbath a rest, and fearing to break
 A command most holy and true ;
We hope that thy people will stand by the truth,
Thy elders set forth an example to youth,
 To claim the seventh day as their due.

Thus, fearing the Lord of the Sabbath, you will
Be blessed and happy, and shielded from ill ;
 While Sabbath defilers are found,
In holy delights, away far from you ;
For they will receive from Heaven what is due
 While standing where curses abound.

Man requires the seventh day that he may rest from his labours, and in its peace, refreshment, change, rest, and reviving influences, find the physical part of his nature better qualified to battle with the coming six days toil. But should he tax his overwrought system by a species of pleasure-seeking on that day, which tries him even more than a day of ordinary work, how will he be benefited by this interval of rest arranged for him by Omnipotent wisdom ?

Thus you contrast the countenances of those who have spent the Sabbath something after the fashion its Divine Originator suggested, with those who give up its precious hours to what is called pleasure. On one you see the blessings of peace, satisfaction, and thankfulness ; on the other, the hopeless weariness of one who has no experience of its blessed refreshment, and has no bright prospect of an eternal Sabbath to enlighten this world's gloom.

Of course many will say that this is not a

subject for discussion, for when the Almighty has so clearly stated His opinion in language that cannot be misinterpreted, man should universally bow before it. In one way this is quite true; but unfortunately there are many who will not recognise God's authority, therefore they persist in following a line of conduct which robs others of the full enjoyment of the blessed privileges of the Sabbath, and the boundless blessings flowing from a due acknowledgment of its sacred employments. But we must for the present leave this subject, recording our conviction that the Sunday pleasure argument is not half so strong as that in support of seven days' labour, and neither can approach that in favour of observing the command, "Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," etc.

Our stay at Toronto only occupied a few hours, and early in the afternoon we left by steamer for Montreal. This meant a night on board, for the commercial capital of Canada was not reached until the evening of the following day.

We sailed the waters of Lake Ontario, making a few stoppages, and in the early morning

arrived at Kingston, a thriving manufacturing centre.

This was the first place where some of our passengers could obtain intoxicants ; and one of the stewards was entrusted with a fairly good sum to lay in a stock of these indispensables for those who indulge in the habit of taking them. The steamer, I understand, had lost its drink license through selling in port to non-passengers, and the owners were fined \$1000, so the story goes. I heard of some curious doings, which I cannot record here, but which seem to indicate that people who drink must have the facilities to supply their requirements, for if not they will make them ; and it is quite possible the prohibitory measures of the well-disposed may produce worse effects than the trade could do when under proper supervision and legal control. We left Kingston before the people were astir, and, passing the lighthouse, were soon steaming down the Lake of the Thousand Islands, which I suppose really contains some seventeen hundred. But what are seventeen hundred islands in this great land ? For, listen, ye pleasure seekers, to the charming voice of "the famous Black Line," which proposes to take you a three days' sail amidst

the hundred thousand islands of the Georgian Bay. Well done, Canada !

On some of these thousand islands are hotels of great proportions, surrounded by clusters of houses ; while on others are nice little villas, summer-houses, and many tents. People come in crowds to these islands, great and small, during the summer months, and the winter finds the huge hotels closed, and the islands almost lifeless because summerless. Many of us purchased the "Phat Boy's" delineations of the St. Lawrence River, a panoramic sketch some nine feet long, which instructs the tourist as to the navigation, and informs him of all the marvels, beauties, and enchantments of this wonderful waterway. Both sides of the river are given, and the map is drawn by scale from the United States coast survey, and therefore must be pretty accurate. From Lake Ontario the waters of this river flow through sundry other lakes, the longest of which I think is twenty-eight miles, and the broadest about ten miles. Then the innumerable channels running between the islands, the flowing rivers received, are all points of wonder ; but, oh my ! the Rapids are the exciting, sensational, tumultuous, living, uproarious item, which makes the St.

Lawrence a terror to some, a joy to others, and a marvel to all.

The first of the rapids is called "The Gallop," which the steamer gallops ; and miles farther down we enter the "Long Sault," and we rush along a veritable boiling sea, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without steam.

This is described like an ocean in a storm ; and certainly I have never anywhere seen such pitching and tossing, and it was a real "long" assault, but our trembling, straining vessel went ahead all right, through these nine miles of angry rushing waves, which seem like a great battlefield, where each man fights for his own hand.

This is called "shooting the rapids." Some say it is tobogganing ; well, it may be, but remember you are on pitching waters, more than strong enough to pitch the steamer and its freight, if for a moment uncontrolled, into an abyss from which no life would be returned.

You glide down the Cedar rapids ; then the exciting Cascade rapids, with their white-crested waves ; then the river expands in lake-like dimensions, where a portion or division of the Ottawa River joins its forces with the St. Lawrence ; then you come to the lengthy railway

bridge which opens an arm to let you through ; and then—yes !—and then your very soul quakes with fear as you approach the terrible Lachine rapids, through which an old Indian pilot used to take the steamers.

He is no more, and others have his hazardous duties to perform. The guide-book talks about the joyous excitement, and people wishing the shoot was longer. Mr. Guide Director, please understand that there is one man in the universe who wishes nothing of the sort, for I was very glad to get safely down this awful gorge with its threatening, plunging waters.

You see the ugly rocks on both sides the steamer, and you wonder how you will pass in safety those sailors' ghosts which are sometimes covered with water, the next moment peeping angrily just above. Mighty, powerful torrent, I have seen thy glory and felt the same ! But, no more ! no more ! Two gentlemen of very strong determination had a long discussion as to whether the steamer grazed the rocks.

Some said the steamer did strike the rock,
Some leaned to the water concussion ;
But all must admit we did feel a shock,
Without any further discussion.

Our two naval companions were appealed to, but one was certain it was the force of the water dashing against the steamer, and the other was equally firm in his opinion that she felt the rocks.

Whichever is right, it was a terrible, hard, bumping sensation, and I suppose our disputants will go on until doomsday, each sticking like an Englishman to his opinion, something after the style mentioned in the song, as to whether the cut was produced by a knife or scissors. Go at it, gentlemen, I like your pertinacity. You are the best of friends and the most jovial of companions.

The entertainment has been a good one, and if you will cease for a few moments I will just sing you, for a change, my sonnet to the glory of the might of these rapids and their terrible belongings :—

Terrific volume, which assails
The active mind with gruesome tales
Of what might be
If chains should break, or steersmen fail,
On any steamer which should sail
Down thy swift sea.

My aspirations will not soar
To shoot thy rapids any more —
They are too rough ;

And to those who may e'er invite
I'll answer straight, but yet polite,
Once is enough.

Impetuous power ! thy frenzied whirl
Could without effort quickly hurl
Each leaping bark,
If for a moment uncontrolled,
With ease within thy fearful hold,
Ghostly and dark.

Let daring spirits down thee sail
Whose courage never seems to fail
In dangers great :
To them I yield, and step aside,
And those may down thy waters glide
Who fear no fate.

For I have no desire to haste
Thy jolting agony to taste,
Or see thee rage
With fury and fantastic might,
Conjecture forces, which aright
No mind can gauge.

But I shall say, " Lachine, farewell !
And, though I do admire right well
Thy raging pranks,
Yet should time calm my dread of thee,
I will behold thy surging sea
From off thy banks."

Gentlemen, while you are discussing, please
find out if it is true that one-third of the fresh

water of the globe flows down these rapids to the great gulf below.

And now, gentlemen, look at those fine spires and domes : this is beautiful Montreal, and you are driving beneath the Victoria Bridge, inaugurated by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in 1860. Remember the extreme length of this bridge is nearly two miles, it has 250,000 tons of stone in its pillars, and 6000 tons of iron were used in constructing its tubes. Remember, also, it cost \$7,000,000 to erect.

But come, please, we are at the quay—step ashore, enter your carriage, drive to the “Hotel Windsor,” and you shall have comfortable quarters and a good dinner.

It is a first-class hotel, and I may reiterate the opinion of “A Frenchman in the United States and Canada” : —

For know this famous Frenchman said,
Whose name is Max O'Rell,
“Of all those I have stayed at here
This is the best hotel.”

Certainly we liked this hotel—yes, very, very well ; for “we two” were specially attended to by one of the most intelligent and obliging

waiters it would be possible to find. The weather was charming, so the Sunday at Montreal was a kind of red-letter day, for we were able to see much of the religious side of the present inhabitants of "Ville-Marie."

They have much to be proud of in the number and greatness of their churches; and the vast majority of Montrealers are anything but atheistical, for even the outward evidences clearly indicate the existence of a widespread conviction that there is a God who should be worshipped.

The population of this quickly growing business centre will probably now number about 250,000 souls. Three-fifths of these are of French extraction, one-third Scotch and English, and the remainder will be Irish. No doubt there are a few of other nationalities. As regards the religious census, I suppose this would reveal the fact that two-thirds are Roman Catholics and one-third Protestants.

The present Mayor belongs to the former religion; but he made a very sensible speech, and gave the "Christian Endeavour Convention" a hearty welcome to the city a little before our visit, although this may be styled a purely Protestant organisation. Of course this generously

broad spirit is not always displayed, and I understand that this Convention was almost the cause of a great riot between these two classes of religionists. However, this was averted, and a discreditable exhibition of animosity prevented. Now here, the Roman Catholics set an example, as elsewhere, to our Protestant friends which is very worthy of imitation, showing the great strength and desirable idea of Unity ; for even in connection with this Convention I notice there are twenty-seven various Churches represented ; and this evidence of disunity is noticed where there is more cohesiveness among Protestants than is found in many countries. This represents a great loss of force, which if concentrated could be more effectually used, beside creating what is yearly becoming a very formidable difficulty—religious competition. In the United Kingdom no careful observer can overrate this, for in many cases it is becoming a life-and-death struggle to keep the finances right. This requires a vast proportion of available energy, and so the cause of religion suffers, and many influential men who are good givers, and are closely connected with one or other of these actively competing though friendly forces, are simply paving the way to a

premature grave through the perpetual anxiety their official position entails.

This is a very sad state of things, seeing there is little or no difference between many of these religious bodies, whose only chance now seems to be that of imitating their wiser Roman Catholic friends, and uniting the scattered fragments of imperfect pieces in one solid, substantial whole.

The anxious inquirer asks—"Why should these things be?" And the echo answers, "Why?" Then, should the Church of England be disendowed, which many of these denominations demand, the money pressure will become greater still.

Now, if we take some of our country villages as an example, in their straggling street we find, say one church and six chapels—you cannot find the people to fill them; but the money for their support has to be found in this limited area, and what is the result? Generally huge debts, and the main effort made is of a business character, to the neglect of those holier duties for which these places of worship are intended. Then you have a poverty-stricken ministry, and the ministers of Montreal would be placed in an awkward position if their income were limited

to £1 per week = \$5. Now, from what I can gather, the competition in Montreal has not descended to this position of want and misery, for in most instances the minister is considered worthy of his hire, and has certainly the means provided to keep body and soul together. Recently I heard an official of Congregationalism draw a most sorrowful picture of the position of their Church Aid Society, which he described as being on the rocks, and likely to be wrecked for want of funds. He had been in one country district in England, and found their ministers received some £60 a year, and some a little more, and the Church Aid Society had given to this group of churches £200 a year towards this limited ministerial income; but, alas! the probability was this grant would cease for lack of funds.

I had the opportunity of forming what I think is about a correct idea of the financial position of the various Churches here. The Roman Catholics are most highly favoured in this respect, for they have extensive endowments, and probably "the Church of England in Canada" would come off the worst. The Methodists are strong numerically in proportion to the Protestant population, and fairly well

off, but the Church with the greatest number of wealthy members will be the Presbyterian.

Probably enterprising Scotchmen have made most of the advantages, and have secured wealth in good measure through their natural sagacity.

Well, the city may be complimented upon the many churches she possesses, whatever denominations they may belong to.

Thy churches and thy homes of prayer
Must make thee famous everywhere
Where signs of peace,
Of righteousness and love can raise
Appreciative notes of praise,
And joy increase.

Thy towers and steeples and each dome
Denoting worship has a home
Also proclaims,
The glory, honour, and the might
Of God, the true, the infinite,
Who ever reigns.

The King of kings, He is supreme,
And bright acknowledgments are seen
In Montreal ;
Owning that she will recognise
The Ruler of earth, seas, and skies,
The Lord of all.

Divergencies of thought and creed
There may be ; but be still agreed
In this one thing,—

To glorify and gladly own
The majesty, the power, the throne
Of God your King.

This central thought should be the ground
On which you should your Churches found ;
This will unite
By holy bonds pure love can bring,
Make different creeds in chorus sing
One thing is right.

Glory then give, and hearts inspire
To praise with living tongues of fire,
Which will ignite
The smoking flax, produce a flame,
Which will surround Jehovah's name
With glorious light.

We commenced the Sunday by attending St. John's Church, to which some of our friends were going, stating it belonged to their Guild, which, I think, was the C.B.S. This church was what church-people call "high," whatever that phrase may mean. The three clergy who officiated appeared men of middle age, but the organist was said to be only twelve years old. The sermon was a good one, delivered with much oratorical effect, and I think without the aid of notes ; not one of those long extemporaneous discourses made up of repetitions, repeated and repeated with little

variation, but a concise, well-put-together exhortation, having one central idea, surrounded by thoughts presented in a flowery, attractive fashion; a sermon calculated to lift up, whether the preacher was "high," "low," or "broad."

We also came in for a portion of the sermon in Christ Church Cathedral, and heard a solo given by some unseen being, which we could not decide, until inquiring, whether boy or lady. The lady, which it proved to be, sang an arrangement of "Sun of my Soul" in a very sweet fashion, and we compliment Miss Normandine upon her musical attainments.

This cathedral is said to be the most perfect specimen of English Gothic architecture in America or Canada, and is surmounted by a spire 224 ft. high.

Dominion Square, in which our hotel is situated, is quite decorated with churches; we have the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Peter, which is after the same plan as St. Peter's, Rome, but on a smaller scale. It will be a magnificent edifice when fully completed, but the cost of the decorations proposed will be very great. Then we have the very beautiful Church of St. George (Episcopalian), with its

fine internal decorations ; and, if I am not mistaken, this is one of the best supported of the many Episcopalian Churches in the diocese of Montreal.

The American Presbyterians have also a fine structure here ; and the Methodists have a church with which they may be content. In the afternoon I noticed the side door of this church open, and I ventured inside. There was no service proper, but in the finely furnished basement the Sunday School was held, and I was invited to enter. On taking a seat, a gentleman handed me "The Canadian Hymnal," from which a selection was sung to one of those negro-like melodies with a rolling, easy flow, which makes you sing whether you know the tune or not. The room was a very gem compared with many Sunday Schools I have seen : clean, well lighted, nicely ventilated, and comfortable. The classes were formed like one of those groups you see in some Parisian resorts, where a company of friends form themselves into a circle and enjoy their open-air friendly chat.

The lesson was concluded, and the Superintendent mounted a platform with a few officials.

The secretary gave the numbers present and

the result of the day's collection ; then the superintendent invited the opinions of those who could suggest any thoughts on the day's lesson. Several adult members of the minister's class, and some of the teachers, ventured a few remarks, and though the proceedings did not assume anything like a discussion, still there were a variety of ideas presented. We had another hymn, and the school concluded with prayer.

I was then taken in hand by one of the officials, who very kindly gave me much information, and sent me a packet of pamphlets to the hotel in the evening.

This school, with its Sunday offerings, and by boxes and cards, gives nearly \$1000 a year to the missionary cause ; and this is in addition to thousands of dollars the church raises for this and other similar noble purposes, after furnishing the minister's stipend of \$2000 a year. To avoid numerous collections, "the envelope system" has been here tried with marked success, as the Church's financial position reveals. The Methodists seem to be content with this name, without any of those prefatory ones we find in the old country, so I cannot tell my Methodist friends in England to which particular class of

their order this church belongs ; but I can tell them this is a very bright, prosperous community, with property now valued at \$120,000, but which cost actually the following sums,—the increase, I suppose, is represented in the valuable plot this church covers,—

	DOLLARS.
Land, 1864, 21,913½ feet, @ 31½C.	8,552.93
Church	27,703.00
Church Furniture (first year)	1,385.83
Organ, 1865	1,200.00
Sexton's Lodge, 1872	2,132.99
Parsonage, 1877	5,568.92
Furnishing Parsonage, paid by Trustees	2,555.96
Repairs and Improvements of Church, at various dates	5,124.77
Organ, 1886	7,070.24 }
Less old organ and discounts	1,220.00 }
Schoolroom and Parlour (Annex), 1887, and Furniture	5,172.67
Schoolroom Alterations and Decorations, 1891	2,821.58
Total	<u>\$68,065.89</u>

Now my new-found acquaintance became quite friendly with me, for he was a Liverpool man, and from my living so near there we almost struck up a sort of relationship. From what I could gather at the school, I inferred there was a strong temperance element overruling. I ventured to ask if the Methodists made this a special feature in their teaching.

"Well," said he, "some twenty years ago, when I came to live here, I drank beer, but I gave it up. I have also given up smoking."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I had a little boy, about seven years of age" (from the feeling way the speaker adopted, I concluded the little boy had gone home), "and he saw me smoking a cigar. He had never seen me smoke before, and was so surprised and disturbed about it that I felt I was depreciated very much in his estimation in consequence, and I did not smoke again."

Probably the little fellow had been taught by some one that this was a degrading practice, and therefore to see his own father smoke was a great blow to him. I walked with my friend and his little daughter to his house, and then he accompanied me to the greatest Church the Methodists possess here.

On the way thither I noticed St. James's Episcopalian Church; and as I read the notice "Strangers are welcome: a seat for all," I thought this was the place of worship we would attend in the evening.

On reaching the cathedral-like building we found it closed, so I had to make another

pilgrimage thither in the evening, when my good lady accompanied me.

On entering, before the service commenced, I was instructed by one of the apparitors to go to the vestry, and the sexton would give me all information.

Well, we knocked at the vestry door, and a very polite, good-looking gentleman received us, and this turned out to be the minister on duty.

We were duly introduced to the sexton (why the name?), and he asked us to wait until the service commenced, and then he would be at liberty. This we did; and in the vestry we ascertained much we wanted to know. This church, with its aisle-extending seats, will hold 2500 persons, and cost, including the organ, \$315,000. This sum was raised, principally, I understand, by the demolition of the old church, and erecting on its site the Temple Buildings, which, I believe, let at a rental of \$29,000, so by this transformation, and raising money upon it, they erected this wonderful edifice; and, as far as I can define the position, this would be left entirely free, and something to the good, if the other property were sold. It is called St. James's Methodist Church, and

this is the invitation issued to the Dedicatory Services :—

“The Pastor has much pleasure, on behalf of the Trustees and Official Board, in tendering you a cordial invitation to be present at one or more of the Dedicatory Services of their New Church Edifice, June 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1889.”

Well, the sexton handed us over to “George,” whom he informed us knew more than he did.

Now this elderly interesting personage showed to us the Church’s records, which are of great historical worth, giving the story of the rise and progress of this denomination. The book contains the portraits, or some literary evidence, of all the ministers who have been in charge.

Some of these patriarchal faces beam with a living intelligence, for it must be admitted many lived to a good old age. “George” could tell a great deal about many of them, and on one he placed his finger, and said “That man went wrong.”

They must have had some charming men in the olden times, and it seemed to me the past heroes of the faith greatly excelled many of those coming after in the facial records of sincerity, refinement, and goodness.

Well, we saw the church, heard of the fine school adjoining, heard the singers, and then we hastened to St. James's Episcopal Church.

The clergyman of this church was away in England, but I secured a copy of the proceedings of the thirty-fourth annual synod of the Diocese of Montreal from the verger when the service concluded. From this I gather that the clergy of the Church are not paid so well as their Methodistical and other contemporaries, though the churchman's work here is evidently great, but it must be one of love, and not one for filthy lucre's sake. The proceedings contain, along with much matter of importance, the report of the committee on the "Better Observance of the Lord's Day"; and I was very thankful the Church to which I have always belonged should take such a valiant stand for the Sabbath, and rejoices over the fact that, among the cheering signs, "the Congress of the United States by its national decree has enacted that the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago should not be open to the public on the Lord's Day." The committee came to the conclusion that it would be well to petition the Dominion Parliament in favour of "such legislation as will best secure to all Her

Majesty's subjects in Canada the undisturbed observance of the Lord's Day."

This is nothing but just, seeing that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Well, I notice at this annual session of the Synod, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Right Rev. W. B. Bond, LL.D., gave a very impressive, well-designed, eloquent address; in fact, one of those earnest appeals which must prove effective in the direction intended. His Lordship describes the work of the Church as follows:—

"In certain aspects the business of the Church is a warfare—a warfare against ignorance, vice, and all the evil which we find around us in a wicked world. In other aspects it is a building up of all that is strong and true, all that is lovely and of good report; the main business of the Church is to gain victory after victory over sin and evil, and to establish in Christ's name, and for Christ's sake, truth and righteousness in the world."

Branch of the ancient Church, fight as in days of old
The prophets and apostles did engage in war;
May all thy ministers be faithful, and so bold
That angels will behold with joy, and sing from far,
With one loud voice, "Well done "

Build up, good ministers of Christ, the strong, the true ;
All that is lovely and of good report retain ;
Then will your Master at the close present to you
The victor's crown of life, and you shall glory gain,
And rest and peace have won.

The Church of England in Canada has a grand work before her, and I hope she will gain, what she deserves, a very prosperous future. She has had her period of gloom, her difficulties, many trials, and much up-hill work ; but successes she has secured, and her sincere motives, well-founded belief, inspired impulses animate her sons and daughters with the hope that she will now go on conquering and to conquer. The radiancy of hope sparkles throughout the Bishop's address, and his concluding remarks are worthy to be chronicled in letters of gold :—

“In reviewing the work of the year, I cannot recall one serious cause for discouragement, but abundant cause for praise, as we trust in the living God. Surely, as we consider all the way the Lord has led us and blessed us, we should trust with a firmer faith, and anew consecrate ourselves, every power and energy, to the service of God and His Church. Beloved, let us devoutly unite as a Synod, in the prayer :

‘Father, show us what we ought to do, and give us grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same. Amen.’”

Trust in the living God, and daily pray, recall
The way the Lord has led your footsteps in the past.
There is abundant cause for praise, so ever call
Upon that Power which never fails, and ever cast,
For future aid, your care,

On God, the Lord, the Mighty ! Consecrate anew
Your souls and bodies to His all-wise, blessed will ;
His holy blessing from above will rest on you,
The power of His good spirit will be with you still,
And will your way prepare.

In Dominion Square, in addition to the churches we have mentioned, there is a very imposing recently erected building, belonging to the Young Men’s Christian Association, six stories high, built at a cost of \$160,000, and stands 125 ft. high. Some twenty years ago the old hall was raised at \$40,000, so the modern requirements and expansion call for a building four times as costly as the old. The guide-book speaks of the discarded one as something very fine, but this new one really is up to date. It possesses library, baths, room and appliances for popular physical recreation, reception hall, parlours and lecture halls, the largest of these

having sitting accommodation for 600 persons. The baths include swimming, needle, shower, etc., and cupboards are provided for each member with Millar's Combination Lock. This is a most ingenious arrangement, and I understand that some eight hundred different kinds are produced ; each one can be altered and in some way registered, so that if a member fails in his subscriptions, or for any other cause, his lock can be so adapted that it would be impossible for him to open. This institution seems to be doing a good work, and the building has been raised something after the same fashion as the great Methodist Church. The Association also has a large income through letting its upper stories for offices, etc., which are reached by an elevator. These Canadians seem to be working out the idea pretty extensively of selling old institutions in the business part of the city, and then erecting far more magnificent ones with the proceeds. The library contains four thousand volumes, and the educational department seems to be well worked, with the modern addition of "a current topic club," which is useful in training in public speech.

On Monday morning, before leaving this great

inland seaport—for I suppose it is some six or seven hundred miles from the open ocean—I went to see, for private reasons, a gentleman connected with one of the great businesses here. Well, after chatting over matters which cannot be mentioned, he gave me one of the most patriotic lectures that I have heard for some time. The fire within was burning, and very words of fire appeared to flow from the man's inmost soul. He is one of the most loyal subjects of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, but his views of Canada's relation to England were strong and decided, and his idea is this: that if the mother country had done her duty, Canada would have had three times her population. He argued his opinions in such an able manner, and supported them by such strong reasons, that there was no gain-saying or disputing his conclusions.

England shows Canada no sympathy in her aspirations; there has not been that fostering care of a parent; her wishes are utterly disregarded, and her upward progress clogged. Well, America looks on with lingering, longing eyes, eager and willing to make friends with Canada; and from what I can see, America would do more for her prosperity than England

is prepared to do. But Canada is loyal, yes, loyal to the backbone, and it does seem a thousand pities that we decline to listen to her pleadings, and do not show some disposition to meet her desires.

How long will England pursue a policy of unsympathetic treatment to her dependencies? Here we have one in heart, as true as steel, but without having the slightest advantage offered other than that meted out to strangers.

The child may become greater than the parent, and the latter may sometime sigh, when it is too late, for the sympathy and help of her children.

Now is the time for true patriotism to exert itself; and either by Imperial Federation, or other suggested means, every effort should be made and any sacrifice rendered to bring about a lasting compact, a firm understanding, so that the cementing process may make as one happy, large, prosperous family, the glorious country to which we belong and her many lands beyond the seas. Would that our M.P.'s could have heard the oration my friend delivered to me, which has left a lasting impression; for his ideas are those of the vast majority who love England intensely, but require the love of a parent in

return,—for without reciprocity how can the flame be kept alive?

I saw in one Canadian journal a good thing in the shape of an invitation to the Americans, who crave for the country, to come and live there, on the principle of “Come unto us and we will do thee good.”

Canada is a fine land, with immense possibilities, great scope for gigantic developments, and should be looked upon as a real treasure by England. Now what shall we do?—have all our own way, and ignore the requirements of our friends here, and ultimately lose them, or shall we act on a more generous and equitable basis, and treat the opinions of this mighty dominion with respect?

If the electorate of the United Kingdom only knew what we shall part with if we lose Canada, their patriotism would exert itself and cry, “It shall not be done!”

England’s greatest foes are those of her own household; but may her people be wise in time, and continue to build up and extend, not pull down and destroy, the noble structure erected by our high-minded forefathers, who positively were willing to march through fields of fire and blood for the honour and glory of dear old

England. Let England's sons arise in all the beauty of true manhood, and declare with no uncertain sound that the prestige of our empire shall be maintained, and the work of our country-loving predecessors continued, and so present to the world the spectacle of the mightiest, happiest, and most prosperous self-contained nation on the face of the earth.

Farewell, Canada, and thy fair city Montreal :
I love thee and want to keep thee !

If I were England I would bind thee to my heart,
And whisper—you and I must never, never part ;
If I were England I would more than well behave,
And give thee all, or even more than thou dost crave

But, Canada, still keep true,
Do not yet sever ;
Stick to the red, white, and blue,
And Union for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

Thy gorgeous panoramas, thy floating halls of splendour
Shall all again appear to me when thoughts their homage
render,

To thee, sweet sparkling river, fair, the picturesque, the grand,
For thou mayest with the best, we know, in competition stand !

ON Monday morning about ten o'clock we left the Windsor Hotel, Dominion Square, Montreal, and were presented with a bright souvenir in the shape of a book with photographic transfers of the city, and also of this hotel and some of its fine rooms. The grand dining room will seat 500, the concert hall, as such, 1500, or for dancing finds space for 1000, or for banqueting purposes 600. The promenade, parlours, hall, reception, and other rooms are also shown ; and as we departed it was with the first impressions of the hotel fully confirmed. The line we travel by crosses the great river, with its $27\frac{1}{2}$ ft. deep navigable channel, by the celebrated Victoria tubular

bridge before mentioned, and we take a last look of the city, with its beautifully wooded mountain background, its domes and spires, and the great ocean steamers lining its quays.

We leave thee, splendid city,
And think, What a great pity
Should we lose thee !
For thou art quickly growing,
And truly there's no knowing,
What thou wilt be.

Well, we had the pleasantest day's railway travelling of our experiences on this journey. The scenery along the line is exquisite. On one side we have Lake Champlain and its numerous tributaries, and the mountains across its blue calm waters miles away. Then on the other side we have a sight of the Adirondack Mountains with their abutments, which provide such exciting sport for the hunter.

The sportsman in the season
Could not find cause or reason
To make complaint
Because around his shanty
The game was rather scanty,
Because it ain't.

They lunch you well *en route*, and if you feel the inside of the car too hot you can take a seat on the steps of the outside platform. Here

you seem to be whirling through the air ; for these trains go at a great speed, and at every unprotected place on the line the powerful bell these engines all carry is swung to and fro, and, you can, if so willed, imagine it is a band accompaniment.

The engine bell keeps ringing
As rushing miles are bringing
Scenes rich and fair ;
And while you feel enchanted
In memory they are planted
To blossom there.

The flowing streams with their finny treasures murmur their appeals invitingly to those passengers who honour the favourite pastime of Isaac Walton, for—

Anglers can find good fishing,
And need not long be wishing
For favoured spots
To suit their special notions,
For fish are here in oceans—
In fact, there's lots !

Before crossing the frontier an officer entered the car, and he was a man who could crack a joke with the wittiest of our party. Our baggage was passed upon appearances only and the pledged honour of our conductor, so we had not the annoyance of rolling over our

souvenirs, etc., etc. Perhaps I escaped the officer's attention, for my appearance must be rather shady, as I was once publicly arrested as a suspected Fenian, or something of the sort. This, of course, had not to be told the party, or I might have been expelled, and I should have been the black sheep, and the members could not have sung so unitedly as they did,

A happy, well-made party
Of friends as true and hearty
As you could find ;
Each bent on giving pleasure,
Which is returned in measure
Of the same kind.

So it is well to keep these dark sides of life in the background, or else there might have been sundry significant whisperings, nudgings, side-looks, and thumb-pointing observations, and perhaps friendship's song would have been followed by this :—

But let each one resolve on keeping
His cautious eye from ever sleeping,
For no one knows
Who's who. For even some relator
Of friendly tales may be a traitor :
The worst of foes.

Of course the suspected Fenian or murderer, *which* I forget, enjoyed himself certainly as

much as the more eminently respectable persons, who had never been in the hands of the police ; and really a criminal could hardly have done otherwise, for the scene of varied beauty through which we rolled was of a very striking character.

Great lakes and lovely mountains,
Cascades like flowing fountains,
Which ever, ever stream ;
Rich, verdant vegetation,
Nature in variation,
In richest beauty seen.

In the afternoon we made a short stay at Saratoga, justly celebrated for its numerous springs, possessing many virtues. From what I hear of them they have sundry peculiarities, which probably the chemist or the doctor could far better explain than myself, so I leave the reader to search the writings of the learned, to ascertain their several remarkable medicinal properties. The place is one of the most aristocratic resorts on this continent ; and in the season, which was at its height, the visitors numbered more than twice the permanent population. The name, I read, has not a very aristocratic derivation, for it comes from an Indian word meaning “the place of herrings,”

which arose from the fact of these plentiful fish ascending the Hudson River to the Saratoga Lake.

We had not sufficient time to see all the sights of this "oldest country resort," but we saw its fine hotels, tree-lined thoroughfares, well-stocked stores, and quite enough to encourage the wish to stay and see more.

We were like *Oliver Twist*, still hungry and wanted more, if we did not venture as far as his audacity led him, and ask for it. The largest private park in America is here, and its generous owner permits the visitors to drive along its thirty miles of well-made roadways. Apart from the healing springs there is a fine fresh-water spring, bringing up its unadulterated beverage six hundred feet from the rocky holds below. I have read somewhere that Sir William Johnson was the first white man to visit these springs, and he was carried here by the Mohawks about the middle of the last century. It was nearing its close when the first house was built here, and its builder would hardly think that in a hundred years there would be such a revolution. Now the wealthiest of the wealthy crowd its streets, and dwell in houses or hotels, the mightiest in the world, and drive about in

costly equipages never dreamed of in the days when the Indians brought their white patient on a litter. We should have liked to have seen the beautiful lake a little distance from the town, and sailed on its twenty square miles of water. Ah ! we must leave. One of our friends who is interested in diamonds, said he had never seen such samples before. But we bid adieu to beautiful Saratoga, its springs, its hotels, its diamonds, its inhabitants, and place our ideas in one single verse :—

Beautiful streets and fine, grand hotels,
Famous for springs and health-giving wells,
High-stepping horses with bright-ringing bells,
Plenty of diamonds and lots of great swells.

Afternoon tea at the station, and then we proceed to Albany, where we are entertained at Delavan House. This city is the capital of New York State, and is, when compared with some others, quite an ancient place, for we are informed the Dutch had a trading station here in 1614, when it was called Fort Orange, but afterwards named Albany, after the Duke of York and Albany, who, if my historical knowledge serves me aright, became James II. The first thing to be seen is "The Capitol," which is a magnificent structure not yet complete, but

on which has been spent, so it is stated, \$20,000,000. I hear that with its decorations, etc., it will require \$10,000,000 more to finish. It graces a lofty position, and with its tower, over 300 ft. high, will form an interesting object to be looked at by admiring New-York-Staters for many miles around, as well as a continual source of pride to the inhabitants (now about 100,000) of this capital city.

In the evening I had a solitary ramble in Albany's well-kept park, which, with its ornamental lakes, statuary, groves, and pleasure walks, would be a valued adornment to any city.

Early in the morning we were all astir, to take one of the most enchanting river rides it is possible to imagine. Our breakfast was promptly served, and at our table were two American ladies very anxious to hear about "The World's Fair." One of these ladies said, "You know, we Americans don't know what it is to be cramped for money"; and then she explained that the Fair had not been so well patronised through the passing season of depression now experienced. Almost every one speaking about the Fair wishes to know if it is a failure. Well, as regards it as a fair, it is a magnificent success; but, say they, it is a

financial failure. Probably this will have been long printed before the actual figures come to light ; but I am rather of the opinion that there is something in the background ordinary people have not to know. I was speaking to an Englishman—who has long been an American citizen—on a steamer on Lake Michigan, and he laughed at the idea of the financial disaster of the undertaking. He was a man who had his head screwed on right, and he gave me a look which I understood to mean he knew something on which he based his opinion.

Of course I ought to explain this gentleman was in a very exuberant frame of mind, for he had made a fine thing out of the Exhibition.

Some years ago he patented an invention, which was so severely boycotted that he ceased to make it, and the thing had been lying in abeyance. He heard that some firm exhibiting at the Fair had infringed his patent rights, so he had come from New York specially to see for himself. But fancy his surprise, on finding not just one, but sixteen different firms using his invention ! From what I was told, several at once made him respectable offers to compromise matters, and he no doubt will be greatly benefited by the World's Exposition.

He intended to take a turn round another department, for he had another patent running for a domestic article, and he had been informed this was infringed also. Now, what was the reason this sensible Englishman would not believe in the financial failure of the Fair, I am not able to say ; but he hinted to me a kind of something, that made me come to the conclusion that this is another case of "wheels within wheels."

Certainly the three best months had to come on, for the weather would be cooler and the better-class Americans would have returned from their European trips, but how the thing will turn out the future must reveal. There will certainly be one great disaster in connection with the Exposition. Whether this belongs to it or to a party of speculators I do not know ; but nearly all visitors there will have noticed the huge building near the lake with its scaffolding still up, and some three parts completed. This, it is said, was intended for the Show Hotel, and had to contain opera house, etc., etc. It there stands a majestic thing in sorrowful loneliness ; and the beholding questioner is informed that the funds ran short, and so it could not be finished.

But now for the trip down the Hudson, calm, noble, picturesque ; and, though not so wild and expansive as the St. Lawrence, still the timid find more comfort, the peace-loving more rest, and the timorous less of the rushing, tumultuous, dangerous excitement ; for there are no awful rapids, with their fearful tossing and terrific roar, to set the terror bells ringing.

You purchase the magnificent panorama of the Hudson to aid you geographically, topographically, and otherwise. This contains nearly a hundred feet of engravings, or if you take each side of the river double that number. It is described by its publishers as the "first photo-panorama of any river ever published." "One hundred and fifty miles of continuous scenery accurately represented from eight hundred consecutive photographs." Then we are informed that from the metropolis to the capital the Hudson varies in width from half a mile to four miles and a half ; but the river remains uniform in these pages, as most convenient for a book of reference or tourist guide. This is a big thing to attempt, but the publishers will probably have found it a remunerative investment, for many purchasers were found on board our steamer, and there

is a constant flow of passenger traffic on the Hudson. The sale of this wonderful production must therefore prove enormous.

It has been favourably noticed by the press, and some may have read the discussion in *Tit-Bits* on the subject.

I am not a constant reader of this extraordinarily successful penny venture, but the publishers of this panoramic guide have considered the matter of sufficient importance to reproduce, and so I give it that readers may have a few additional particulars of this artistic success, which is so much admired by those interested in such progressive ventures in photographic lithography.

“AMUSING DISCUSSION IN LONDON.

“‘Probably the most exhaustive photographic enterprise ever attempted has been completed—800 negatives of the Hudson taken from mid-stream between New York and Albany. From these Photo-engravings have been made and published, in a book, the shores arranged on each side, with river in the centre of the volume. In this manner has been formed *a complete and realistic guide-book of the interesting country of Hendrick Hudson and Rip Van Winkle*. Even the enthusiastic lovers of the Thames have not yet achieved anything like this.’—*Tit-Bits*, London, August 31, 1889.

“Referring to paragraph in *Tit-Bits* as to the continuous photograph of the Hudson Mr. Henry W. Taunt

writes : ‘Although I have not made a continuous series of photographs of the Thames’ banks, I have beaten by very far the 800 negatives of the Hudson River mentioned in your paper. Up to the present I have over 5000 plates of the Thames and its scenes.’

“ ‘Yes, that is quite true, Mr. Taunt ; your photos are good and numerous, but *of the Hudson River there is a continuous photo, so that you can sit on the steamer and see on the banks exactly what is unfolded to you in the book.* Both sides of the river are thus produced, and if Mr. Taunt can see his way to bringing out the Thames in the same manner it will be a boon.’—*Tit-Bits*, London, September 14, 1889.”

The places *en route* give you reminders of names well known to you in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. There is one place called Rhinecliffe, where it is said there is a house two hundred years old, a well-preserved specimen of a Dutch homestead. But although the river and its banks remind you of the Rhine, still—

No ancient castles, like the Rhine,
Here ever raised their lofty domes ;
Baronial halls of olden time
Did not claim here their stately homes ;

For in their day a race would prowl
Upon these high, majestic banks,
Who would delight in hideous howl,
And bloody, warlike, savage pranks.

What would this brave, untutored race
For Rhineland architecture care?
Their home of rest was but the place
Which other savages would share.

For beasts and men are much the same,
Both savage in their wild desires;
Away from influences which tame,
One, like the other, but aspires

To the same level as the brute,
With eager thirst for others' blood,
And all the higher feelings mute
Which operate for others' good.

Thus would the Indian hunter spend
His days upon these slopes and heights,
His cunning arts of warfare lend,
In long-continued tribal fights.

But his old haunts are now the homes,
Of those whose ways to peace incline,
Though even now those splendid domes
Are nowhere seen as on the Rhine.

Though all around these shores you see
The Hudson's glories in sunshine,
These traces of antiquity
Are only found along the Rhine;

But yet, fair Hudson, thou canst boast
What ancient Rhinelanders had not;
For icy castles grace thy coast,—
Not just a few, but quite a lot.

These factory-like structures along the
Hudson are very numerous, and one of our

party suggested they were saw mills used only in the winter ; but one more knowing at once christened them aright—ice houses. Then you meet fleets of barges coming up stream to these ice stores to transmit their precious contents to New York, Brooklyn, and other places.

“Hudson River by Daylight,” a pamphlet given to passengers, has a joke on the ice question, entitled,

“A QUICK CHANGE.

“*Teacher* : When water becomes ice, what is the great change that takes place?

“*Pupil* : Change in price.”

There are several good sensible articles in this magazine, but the bulk of the other material is on the love question.

Here are a few headings : “Your Heart and Mine” ; “Love and Age” ; “The Dignity of Love” ; “Her Attractions,” etc. There are also jokes, poems, and conundrums. Here is one, rather hard on the lady :—

“*Father* : Do you think your position in life warrants your seeking my daughter’s hand in marriage?

“*Suitor* : I think so, sir : I am a lion tamer in Allfore’s Circus.”

We find also inserted the programme of the instrumental concerts given on board.

These are very attractive, and some strange effects are produced by the drummer, who has, beside the big bass, quite an array of curiosities for sound-producing.

The day was gloriously fine, and the steamer the very embodiment of all one requires for a river trip. This special steamer had been lengthened by having an addition of 30 feet placed in the centre. It now measures 330 feet long. I fancy this was about the first steamer ever cut in two for the insertion of an extra length, although now the operation, I see, has just been performed on our side the water successfully. Of course they give you a good dinner on board, or lunch, whichever term you like the best ; by this means the human steam is kept up, and you enjoy the entire sail of 145 or 150 miles without feeling tired or fatigued.

Our passengers were for the most part a superior class of people, orderly and well conducted, though some would be considered a little uncommon. After all, the variety existing in humanity is one of its chief charms, and the greater the distinction the more interesting the object.

We had, I believe, a scientist on board :—

Some were amused at this great man,
And thought him rather quaint ;
Without pretence, disguise, or sham,
For he did never paint.
He was a diamond in the rough,
The queerest of the queer ;
Though doubtless made of sterling stuff,
A scientific seer.
Quite folded up in self, and thought,
Forgetful of the art
Through which some are politeness taught,
So he could play no part
In the great crowds of life around ;
He could not mix with them,
So therefore he alone was found,
Like some neglected gem,
Which never will be seen aright
While covered o'er with dust ;
For that which ought to be quite bright,
Was only left to rust.

But perhaps we have a thicker crust
Of dust and rust than he,
So we must only gently thrust
This human mystery ;
And with his failings kindly bear,
And try ourselves to view
Through the same glasses others wear
While they our faults review ;
So shall we find our portraits look
Perhaps just the very same
As this queer mortal's in the book
Where others place our name.

The Hudson Highlands, you notice, have some rather strange names, and it would be interesting to fathom the mystery of their origin. Here are a few, with their altitudes :—

	FEET.
Storm King	1,523
Crow's Nest	1,500
Bull Hill	1,486
Bear Mountain	1,350
Anthony's Nose	1,128
Breakneck	1,187
Dunderberg	1,098

Then you have the Pallisades, from 250 to 500 ft. high, stretching along the river fifteen or twenty miles in unbroken line.

At Hudson city you have a fine view of the Catskill mountains ; and to the Catskill landing-stage railway passengers from Albany and New York are ferried across the river.

These mountains are called "The Mecca" of all pilgrims disposed to scaling mountain heights.

In these more modern days, however, the Otis Elevating Railway does a great portion of the climb for them. I understand the hotels on these mountains are very luxurious, and views obtained from them ranging over, it is

stated, 12,000 square miles. Then there is a great park of thousands of acres, and scenery of the superlative kind. All this, to some English readers, may sound like large talk ; but even these things seem rather insignificant beside the mightier works which Nature can show to her admirers in these lands. Go more inland, and you find hotels at an elevation of 6000 ft., with a public park 65 by 55 miles for visitors to exercise their pedestrian accomplishments in ; 1780 ft. higher there is a great lake, and this is surrounded by snow-capped mountains, from 2000 to 4000 ft. higher still. Then there are thousands of mammoth hot springs, some of which throw their waters more than 100 ft. in the air. Magnificent waterfalls, one of which has a drop of 360 ft., and its waters then rush down a channel averaging 1000 ft. wide, with great perpendicular walls of about the same height. Here you can reside among natural curiosities, bearing such names as "Old Faithful," "Hell's Half-acre," "Black Warrior Geyser," "Mammoth Paint Pots," etc. But do not imagine, dear reader, that even these stand among the greatest wonders of this wonderful country, for there are mountains—yes, a great range estimated

to be 300 miles in extent, and which can be seen 100 miles away, some of the highest appearing in their snowy crowns more like clouds.

The Hudson river gives you only a partial glimpse of the varied grandeur of the features of this great land, and although you have the noble river with its rich belongings, agricultural, architectural, valleys, uplands and mountains, yet, you must understand, you only gaze on one phase of beauty, and that there are many more, if not just of the same type, yet equally glorious in extent and magnificence.

Our panoramic instructor gives the names of all the houses of note, the cities, towns, villages, institutions, etc., gracing its shores. You pass West Point, where is situated the United States Military Academy on a fine terrace some 150 ft. above the water level. "The Convent of the Sacred Heart," "Four mile point Lighthouse," "Overlook Mountain" (3,300 ft.), "The Celebrated Washington's Head Quarters," "The Soldiers' Barracks," old forts, millionaires' residences, and other interesting objects *en route*, are the subjects for comment. But we must leave the Hudson, with all her glories, and they are many: I

never had such a delightful river excursion in my life ; and in saying good-bye for the present, pray accept, O lovely river ! this little sonnet of praise :—

Most noble river ! I'll make love to thee !
If thou dost grant poor mortals this great boon.
I love thee, so I hope again to see
Thy handsome face, and very, very soon
To have another chat with thee, the fair,
The sweet, the beautiful, the bright, the gay ;
For I would like to dwell where I could share
Thy friendship, not just one, but every day.

Thou art my charmer ! so I do declare
Love's unadorned, unvarnished, glowing tale.
The Thames, the Dee, the Rhine, or those elsewhere,
May have the love of some, but they all fail
To make the chords within my soul respond
With the same music which thy beauties raise ;
For, sparkling river, I am very fond
Of all thy many charms, so I will praise
Thy glories just as loud as others sing
Their songs of love for other rivers fine ;
And while they to them fervent homage bring,
Mine shall be laid at thy own lofty shrine ;
For thou wilt cast a halo round the spot,
Where in the heart thy clust'ring grandeurs live,
To prove they are not, nor will be forgot,
For they will ever sweet refreshment give.

So, splendid river, for a while we leave
Thy vivid, glittering gems sublime ;

Confessing that for this we sorely grieve,
And long to see the fascinating time
When thy exhilarating, cheerful sights
We shall behold in all their living glow ;
And we shall grasp again those choice delights,
Which make the heart's affections overflow
In loving, rippling streams, to reach thine own.
For thou didst bid those guileless waters rise,
And flow with power, and in thee find a home
For love's awakening, grateful sacrifice.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW YORK AGAIN.

Again within thy harbour, of which thou mayest be proud ;
Again we walk thy rough-set streets where millionaires do
crowd ;

Again on thy great business life with admiration gaze ;
Again we give to much we see a long, loud note of praise.

ABOUT six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday we landed from the Hudson steamboat, with its engine gearing above-board putting you in mind of those old-fashioned ponderous beam engines still to be found in some of our mills at home, and were driven over the rough pavement to the Central Hotel, Broadway. On returning from the General Post Office, and gaining one of the cable cars, who should we see but "the Girton girl," who, along with her father, was coming to the hotel to say *bon voyage* to our party? This gentleman kindly went with me to the s.s. *City of Paris*, while the young lady was bidding adieu to her *Berlin* acquaintances.

It is always a source of gratification to meet with a man with a store of information on any subject greater than your own, and who is quite willing to impart to you additional knowledge. This gentleman was highly delighted over the Behring Sea Arbitration, the decision having just been received in New York.

He had a thorough mastery of all the details of the past and present history, and had long before publicly advocated the righteousness of the findings of the arbitrators, much to the annoyance of the majority of the people here, who on this question entertained very strong anti-English views, and of course quite antagonistic to the arbitrators' decision. Well, we journeyed to the s.s. *Paris* by the overhead railway, and had a multitude of subjects to discuss, on which we were mutually agreed ; and it is one of the pleasures of life to come in contact with men of high intelligence, and to me especially those of literary attainments.

The two stayed for supper, with the other two ; and the quartette had so much in common that the time passed along rapidly and pleasantly.

Then the two gentlemen of the *Berlin* incident came on the scene, and so with a

cordial good-bye, our friends left with the other two.

It would be after eleven o'clock, when a gentleman connected with one of the great newspapers came to the hotel to accompany a few masculine spirits for a midnight ramble through some of the huge printing establishments, in what we will call, rightly or wrongly, Printing House Square.

On nearing *The World* office, a man in a highly excited condition came along, and gave us a gratuitous lecture. This eloquent and loquacious man singled me out as the special object of his attentions, and the ruling idea in his discourse was to convince me that Christopher Columbus was not the discoverer of America.

Through the open door of *The World's* office he followed, still holding forth, and as the cage door of the elevator closed he was still speaking with an earnestness worthy of a better cause and a more appreciative audience.

"Now," said our generous conductor, a gentleman who had also shown us kindly attentions on the s.s. *Berlin*, "we are at the thirteenth story, and 250 ft. from the ground." The elevator could not, at that hour, take us to the highest point of the building; but on

a flat roof, from which the substantial tower springs, we had a grand view of the lighted city below.

The various buildings of note were pointed out to us. You see that large store? Well, we were informed the late owner had died worth more millions of dollars than I even dare here mention.

On descending from this elevated position, we were conducted through *The World's* vast establishment, where each early morning 450,000 copies of *The New York World* are printed. We saw all the processes, such as type casting, pulp printing, etc., etc.

What this paper's proprietors must have spent in plant and buildings of such dignified proportions and architectural splendour I do not know, but the figure must be read in hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Illimitable prosperity seems to be written on all you see, and what this journalistic property will be worth in a few years will be a figure of far-reaching, mouth-watering magnitude.

Another successful daily journal venture we were introduced to was *The Recorder*, with a circulation of 200,000, which has not yet seen its second birthday.

Such significantly prosperous journalistic embarkments as these speak well for the concentrated enterprise and surprising business aptitude displayed by the able commanders, whose good generalship is so conspicuous.

The compositors, too, seem to have been actuated by commercial foresight, not frequently displayed by their class; for I notice a vast array of type-setting machines, and some labour-saving automatic pneumatic pipe arrangements. These sensible men are keeping ahead in the race of speed with economy, and their arrangement with the management is that these machines shall only be worked by union men.

Well, all praise for this little instalment of practical wisdom displayed by unionists, for it is rather refreshing, after an unenviable English experience, to find even a few who are capable of grasping the threads of business philosophy. What the general character of trades-union men is here I know not, but the sooner our colliers, and others who favour strikes, see the bitter consequences of such a suicidal policy, the better it will be for the ultimate prosperity and welfare of countless thousands on whom their action brings a flood of human misery, the dire effects of which no pen can overestimate. Why

not yield to the universal principle regulating the law of supply and demand, and, adopting a give-and-take plan, seize a legitimate, and mutually beneficial, course of action without resorting to a trial of strength in which both sides prove losers and so much suffering is brought upon all parties concerned; and unfortunately on those who, though not immediately connected, are made through no fault of theirs to suffer very severely? This also would be more in keeping with the preservation of individual freedom, and we should not hear of those murderous attacks which the well-disposed common-sense workman is subjected to if he ventures to display that spirit of forbearing freedom which every Englishman ought to be allowed to exercise as a moral and legal right.

But let it be distinctly understood I do not in any way condemn labour federations, for they may be very useful institutions in many respects, and may, when conducted on the principle of all-round justice, be of service to the community. But what I do oppose is the tyrannical dictation of any self-appointed authority, which would either compel a workman to unwillingly part with his freedom of action, or by its conduct so dislocate the various trading

relations as to bring about disasters which would make it utterly impossible for capitalists to give, what working men deserve to have, good wages and constant employment. And why should any combination seek to gain "a right" by a way which in itself is "a wrong" and inflicts incalculable harm on others?

These are not mere opinions, but real facts; and in verification I would draw attention to the present coal crisis, where brute force has been freely resorted to, to the detriment of Her Majesty's free subjects.

Further, through this regrettable strike, some colliery proprietors have lost what they will never regain, and the colliers themselves cannot hope to be permanent gainers. Manufactories have been closed for want of fuel, and their workers rendered almost destitute. Millions of people have been made to feel the pinching effects of this sad calamity, and all this hardship and human misery have been brought about through the action of a mere handful of men who refused to leave their case to the decision of a company of intelligent, uninterested arbitrators.

Now, supposing all the capitalists created an organisation which displayed its strength in

this arbitrary and unwise manner, this would be considered, and very rightly looked upon, as an unworthy manipulation of the forces of wealth. Who can tell what such an institution could accomplish in the way of ruining our country, by declining to purchase labour above a stipulated figure, which might be just as much too low, as the rate suggested by labour agencies might be too high? At present the employer's force is not so well organised as that of the employé; but lasting disastrous results must certainly accrue should these two powers, fully marshalled, and with relentless intention, face each other. Both would be in the wrong, and both would surely lose. Would that both could be actuated by the spirit of the almost forgotten adage, "Live and let live"! Therefore, it was with real gratification that we found the New Yorkers willing to meet each other a little.

In one of these great printing places we saw a printing machine with this inscription:—

"THIS IS THE LARGEST PRESS IN EXISTENCE.

"CAPACITY 1200 EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS EVERY MINUTE."

The number seems enormous, and as I come to re-write it, I wonder if my pencil has gone astray, for it almost seems incredible.

One feature we were shown in printing that is quite modern, executing illustrations in various colours at one operation.

The Recorder is a ladies' paper, and fashions, etc., are inserted in each edition, and these are turned off the machines with the rapidity of ordinary printing.

Our tour of inspection being completed, we had to have "drinks," and I hope my temperance friends will not judge harshly, for though I drank all I could manage I was not intoxicated, and must confess a liking for drinking in the early morning such drinks as these—orange phosphate, phosphate with pine-apple flavouring, ice-cream soda phosphate.

These drinks, and others much stronger, are obtained in a drug store, in a little room behind the shop proper ; and such places are kept open all night for the convenience of the 10,000 printing men employed in the huge concerns around. The cable cars are also compelled to run all through the night for their benefit.

Well, coming into the square, we noticed the thermometer registered 74° ; and we also noticed that the chairs beneath the trees were occupied with homeless wanderers. Probably we could see three hundred, and were

told adding those in the other parts of this ornamental space this number might be increased to a thousand. The women in equally unfortunate positions have refuges provided for them, and in the winter season the men also fly to the shelters to pass the night.

They are men who have fallen from almost every rank of society. The professions are represented, and all sorts and conditions are found here on a common level. And our kindly entertainer described this group of our fellow-mortals as men "without a home, without a religion, without a hope."

What a pitiable, sad, miserable condition ! These poor fellows are not allowed to lie down, but only to sit, and a policeman makes his periodical rounds, eyeing each one over.

We were informed the police know those whom misfortune has overtaken through no fault on their part, and some assistance is offered. But the bulk of these men are idle, dissolute, drunken, and improvident, who might never do well or become respectable whatever aid was rendered. America may well be cautious in allowing moneyless men and women to land, whose thriftlessness and waywardness have brought them from some foreign shore.

These poor destitute people are sent here by relations and others anxious to get rid of troublesome, good-for-nothing connections ; and the difficulty is assuming such appalling dimensions that more stringent regulations will be introduced to prevent New York City and other places from being made the rendezvous of the ne'er-do-wells of other nationalities.

Well, I must not say what time we turned in our hotel, and though some of our little group were men of the usual sedate family sort, yet the novel experience of "so early in the morning" was greatly enjoyed by all.

Many thanks, Mr. B——, for your courteous attention ; may we have the opportunity of showing you an equal consideration.

Some of our party visited the Garden Theatre, and others went to see the pictures possessed by one of the New York hotel proprietors. One of these is supposed to be a genuine Correggio. This I should have been pleased to examine, for we have one or two ascribed to this artist, and I am specially anxious to see any of his works. Many of the rich Americans have been rather hardly dealt with in their picture transactions, and spurious works have been palmed on them ; but some are now taking

a wiser course in having the great works copied, for a correct copy so ascribed is far better than a base imitation claiming originality.

I should not omit to mention that earlier in the evening a presentation was made to Mr. F. J. Ballard, our conductor, as a slight recognition of the appreciation entertained for his indefatigable exertions in making the tour such a pleasant success. This took the form of an address, and a monetary consideration.

The address was as follows, and was signed by the various members of the party :—

“ We, the undersigned, have great pleasure in presenting to Mr. F. J. Ballard (Messrs. Cook & Son’s representative), the sum of — dollars, for his kind attention and courtesy to all and each of the members of the Society of Arts party, whom he has conducted from New York to the World’s Fair at Chicago, and on to Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal and Albany, and back to New York. Although Mr. Ballard has been unwell for some days, he has never neglected his duty, which all appreciate.”

Mr. Swindells made the presentation in the presence of some of the subscribers ; and its recipient expressed his great satisfaction in a few well-chosen sentences. In addition to this address “the Admiral” forwarded to Messrs. Cook & Son a letter, which many of us signed,

testifying to the ability and kindness displayed by Mr. Ballard.

Now, in England we often hear people talking of an American breakfast, and the great variety of cakes, etc., provided. For those who have never breakfasted in this great breakfasting country, I here append the menu of the last breakfast we had in America.

BREAKFAST.

From 6 to 10 a.m.

FRUIT.—Sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, queen olives.

Oolong, green and English breakfast tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, milk.

Oatmeal, cracked wheat, fried hominy, hot rolls, Graham roll, corn cake, French rolls, crackers, Graham bread, brown bread, dry, cream, butter and French toast, wheat cakes, maple syrup, corn muffins, rye bread.

FISH.—Broiled fresh salmon, pickled salt codfish with cream, broiled smoked salmon, broiled salt mackerel, broiled fresh mackerel, fried codfish with salt pork, fish balls, broiled halibut, broiled bluefish.

BROILED.—Sirloin steak, mutton chops, lamb chops, veal chops, calf's liver, tripe, ham, bacon, pig's feet, pork chops, lamb kidneys on toast, spring chicken.

Frizzled beef with eggs, stewed tripe, chicken fricassée, stewed kidneys.

FRIED.—Chickens' livers, salt pork, ham, tripe, hashed meat, veal cutlets breaded, tomato sauce.

COLD MEATS.—Corned beef, ham, tongue, roast beef, turkey.

EGGS.—Boiled, fried, shirred, scrambled, dropped omelet, plain, with cheese, ham, jelly and parsley.

POTATOES.—Baked, thin fried, stewed, Lyonnaise, French fried.

There are several interesting features you notice in the coloured waiters, who serve the breakfast. One is their wonderful memories, for you are expected to order all you require at once, and these men seldom forget the least thing. Then they become very morose if they are hurried or hardly spoken to; but, on the contrary, if you talk about the "other gentlemen" they are pleased, and are specially susceptible to the charms of kindness, innocent flattery, a few nickels, or the less debased metals. I like these coloured "gentlemen," and admire their eye-speaking intelligence.

One thing I cannot understand in the white people is, the abhorrence they have of associating with their darker countrymen. I remember seeing two American ladies in France once, who objected to sit near a very handsome Spaniard, because they considered he must be a little

coloured-blooded. This is carrying antipathy beyond the dictates of universal brotherhood and common human kindness.

A great many will ask what I think of New York. Well, I can say it is a place full of electricity; and, mark you, in more ways than one. Then I may say very timorous people who walk its parapets are afraid of being blown up, for there are many steam boilers beneath them. Then, commercially, it is without a doubt a city almost without a parallel. They may talk to me about depression of trade, but their lowest depths would be considered prosperity by us.

Look here! There are business men with specialities who make as much as 300 per cent.

This is a fact, and the department of commerce, which is cut down to even the lowest percentage recognised as a profit here, is like our concerns at home, which are considered revelling in good margins.

I know firms in England who have $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. margin on a yearly turnover of tens of thousands of pounds, and this has to cover all working expenses, risks, and profit. Yea, I may say $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.: nay, I may go further, for I know there are thousands of pounds' worth of goods sold at a positive loss, to secure a

slight gain on something else. This, however, is not what business ought to be. Why, a little retail establishment in this city will have a larger profit-earning capacity than many of the great concerns in the British Isles with which I am acquainted.

We are "not in it." Workmen earn more, traders have bigger profits, and manufacturers more substantial margins.

The worst thing seems to be the railways; but this is of little consequence, for British capital is extensively employed. Then as regards the cost of production. Well, in those departments of business where labour is largely employed this is very much greater; but in those branches where machinery can be more generally adopted the cost is not more, but in many cases less, because dear labour has stimulated the inventive quality. I have a friend connected with one big concern, and they have the best mechanic they could find for the purpose of saving labour. Here is an instance. This firm bought a machine in England for \$1600. Their mechanic at once said, "I will make you a machine to do more work for \$300, which will take one man less to work it." This he did, and the machine only cost \$280.

Ships and such-like things cost more, but it is marvellous how much greater is the output of mills manufacturing articles where machines can be used, to what we find in the same branches of trade in England from the same number of employés.

What shall we do with our boys? is often asked; and the girls ditto.

Well, a smart, intelligent girl, who is a good typewriter and fair scholar, can earn here \$20 a week.

The typewriter is largely used for business purposes, and the great houses keep a large staff for this branch of modern departure; but there are men here, in a smaller way, who can hardly read or write, and they obtain the services of a well-educated young lady. They give their ideas, and if she is able to place them in orthodox business language, she receives for her services payment which would make the chief clerks of some commercial houses in England open their amazed understandings to the fullest extent.

Every one who can work, and will work, seems to make money.

But, say some, in New York, and in America generally, things are dear.

What in the world does this matter?—for if a girl earns \$20 a week, and it costs \$10 to live, she is better off than if she was an English slave earning \$5, and living on \$4.

I saw it stated in a Canadian paper that “within a mile radius of St. Paul’s, London, there are 20,000 women working long days and earning half a crown a week—about sixty cents.”

Whether this statement is reliable the reader must judge for himself; but any one who has taken the trouble to investigate the labour question in the congested districts in the East End of London knows there are thousands of men, women, and children in a state of semi-starvation, and in many cases through no fault of their own.

You see in many houses human slaves, working at lightning speed, making match-boxes at $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ per gross. Out of this they have to find their own paste and fire. If they are not well dried they are rejected, and many of these poor people purchase coal through compulsion in small quantities, say fourteen pounds at once.

Then take the pretty boots children wear and to hear of the work women execute in this

trade for the smallest remuneration is almost incredible. Then carry on your investigations, and you hear of trades being utterly extinguished through foreign competition. Take just one as a sample—sugar-refining. This, through the foreign bounty system, has practically ceased to exist, and thousands of men, wanting to work, have been thrown idle. Probably it is much below the mark to estimate the various trades ruined, or practically so, by unfair foreign competition at fifty. Now we hear the piteous cry of “the infamous application of political economy”; “the ever-recurring disastrous strikes”; and relief is justly asked for. Will the cry be unheeded? or will anything be devised to counteract these unjust means of depriving our fellow-subjects of honest labour?

We are in a most curious position; trades, which would otherwise be fairly good, are being ruined by the unreasonable demands of labour; while we have a vast and numberless multitude famishing for the want of work, which they would be willing to do for one-half the price such labour deserves.

Some are of opinion that things will never become settled until a great European war has done its deadly work. This has long been

expected. Heaven grant it may be far distant ! for the situation requires no war, as it can and ought to be improved by the application of peaceable means.

Never, perhaps, in the history of our country, was a difficulty of such magnitude and complex character presented, which will require such judicious management to satisfactorily solve. The complications are great, the conflicting interests severe, and even-handed justice can only be meted out by men with well-regulated minds, who will not be unduly biassed by any special claim, but whose judgment will be the result of a true appreciation of that great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and also that golden advice, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Let every man endowed with a patriotism whose light is not borrowed from any earthly argument, exercise all the power he can wield within the sphere of his influence in trying to teach men knowledge, by precept and practice, that in the clear light of truth our present difficulties will be removed by its loving reflections.

We are simply ruining ourselves with a craze for cheapness, but our friends here study political

and commercial economy on a different system. They would rather have things dearer with plenty of money to buy, than cheaper *minus* the purchasing power.

Well done, America! you teach us a good lesson. But, alas! our gross stupidity and slavish worship of antiquated notions prevent us from learning and inwardly digesting your more practical theories. Alas! we have "sown to the wind and now reap the whirlwind."

Then see how the rich heiresses, who ornament this city as thickly as mushrooms a good pasture—see how they have the very pick of our impoverished aristocracy! Our legislatures have for a generation been labouring to bend them low; and now the fair English damsel is forsaken for the fair American, because one is penniless and the other is the reverse.

The Irish nobleman, deprived of quite half of his lawful possessions by recent Acts of Parliament, will have to seek for his sons rich wives in these wealthy lands, so that they may unitedly be able to keep up the baronial dwellings, for diminished incomes show how much the traitor has been benefited at their expense.

Ah, England! go on destroying one bulwark of

strength after another—let the landed interest, commercial supremacy, and even thy great Church all be dethroned—and look on here, and behold the different sight of every interest being fostered and encouraged, the very things being built up which you are determined to pull down.

Ah ! some may say, America has her seasons of depression, and it is not all sunshine. This is perfectly true. And others tell you that the country is on the verge of bankruptcy ; but my impression is that this latter statement has no foundation, and that the country is really prosperous. The present hoarding-up of money by the people will only be short-lived, and already there are signs of returning confidence.

One of the papers has an illustration of a female figure called “ Europe,” pouring gold into the American treasury, “ Fifteen million dollars in gold just to hand.” Beneath this engraving is printed in large characters, “ Our present depression can only be temporary.” Then comes the reason for this assumption. “ With wise legislation, bountiful crops, unlimited resources, and the return of gold from Europe, national prosperity must soon resume its sway.”

America expects prosperity, and the next great

Exposition in 1907 is being talked of, to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the foundation of the first English colony. Hear the words of confidence and hope with which this announcement concludes :—" Progress will be as great, advance as rapid, discovery as remarkable, in the next fourteen years as in the time since the Centennial Exposition ; and it will be as easy to spend \$50,000,000 then as to expend \$33,000,000 now, or \$15,000,000 in 1876." I fear the fifteen years of depression we have had has so depressed us that we cannot at present sing such a hopeful song as this.

America ! thou hast great attractions for our best sons and daughters ; thou offerest great encouragements for the thrifty, industrious, and strong, thou canst find a convenient opening for our surplus capital ; thou canst provide thy heiresses by thousands, and rich men for our poorer daughters ; yet lackest thou one thing—a crown. Thou hast no upright, patriotic, God-fearing monarch like our Most Gracious Queen, the beloved of the earth, to preside over thee ; and this dignity thou requirest, this honour thy enlightened people crave, and this great blessing and privilege thou must obtain before thou art a perfect nation. For though some of thy

people cry down royalty with their lips, there are abundant evidences sufficient to indicate that the heart desires and worships what the lips condemn.

Ye loyal citizens of New York ! did not your action in spending \$18,000 to entertain your charming visitor the Princess Eulalia clearly add another bar to the music your hearts are continually singing ?

America ! we have found thee many things, thy people are our people ; and we perhaps might, when thou wishest, send thee a king or queen, or both, with the purest of royal blood flowing through their veins, to be thy crowning glory.

Then will it be that some musician and poet will rise up within thee, to write what also thou lackest—"a National Anthem" worthy of thy great land and thy increasing millions of inhabitants. America ! thou hast prosperity, we have adversity ; but there is one thing we have in common, and that is, we both possess an "Irish Question." Ours compared with thine is as nothing, for ours can be easily answered, but thine cannot. Ours might ruin our country, but we have the power to say, "So far shalt thou go and no farther."

Your power is hardly to the same degree commensurate with the strength necessary to grapple with your difficulty. Each year it will become greater, and it will be for your patriotic sons to make the necessary sacrifices "while it is called to-day"; for the time will come when it will mean the expenditure of blood and the loss of many human lives, as well as a serious check to your national prosperity.

Now is the time to look where you are drifting,
To dread the shoals of ugly rocks ahead ;
Now is the time for you to think of shifting
Your stately ship where there is nought to dread.

Ah, glorious continent ! now is the time for deliberation and sound judgment, for your sons to repudiate and destroy that which now threatens to entammel your people and destroy your long-enjoyed freedom.

True, the indications may be to some no larger, as yet, than "a man's hand," but the threatened storm will come, unless your patriotism now seizes the means to arrest it.

My good wishes are with thee, fair continent, and I hope no clouds will arise to dim thy horizon.

Good-bye, great continent ! Farewell ! farewell !
Some things we care not for, but more like well ;
We own thy greatness, thy treasures admire ;
Our stay has but been brief, but we retire
With wistful longings to return to thee,
And see more of thy boundless majesty.
Expansive, frugiferous fields leave unexplored,
Riches of elephantine growth, by those adored
Who have already viewed, with wondering eyes,
Nature's enormous treasures with surprise,
Enthusiastic praise, and wakeful mind,
Suggesting, that they, too, might find,
Like others, who seized Fortune's hand,
And settled in thee, favoured land,
Grasped mighty wealth with greatest ease,
Enough e'en avarice to please.
From scenes of poverty they flew,
And rapidly to affluence grew ;
Showing that in one land men may
Grow worse and poorer every day ;
But in a wealth-producing place
They very soon could turn their face
On all the scenes of grinding strife,
And live a less distracted life ;
Secure for honest labour, gain,
Without the superhuman strain
Which other lands demand,
But not thy golden land,
Where men may gain,
Without great pain,
In its rich grounds
Wealth without bounds,
Time well employ,
Have peace and joy,
And praise each day
America !

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We're homeward bound, good friends, again, and 'tis a
pleasant thought,
Though we're to face the ocean's rage, which is with danger
fraught,
We hope to reach dear England's shore, old friends in
health to find,
And also trust to see again new friends we leave behind.

AT eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 16th, we left New York by s.s. *Paris*, formerly known as *City of Paris*; but why the "City" was dropped it is difficult to understand, seeing that seamen consider it a sign of evil to alter the name of a ship. I have heard of another superstitious notion sailors are said to cling to—*i.e.*, when many ministers are on board this is prognostic of disaster. When leaving the dock we sighted the *Majestic* in an adjoining basin, apparently with many passengers on board. This famous ocean steamship had to follow us in about two hours, and many wondered which of us would win the race.

We were first out, but last in ; so if America gains the coming yacht race she is not always first in an ocean one.

According to a correspondent of one of our English newspapers, the *Majestic* must be celebrated for more things beside quick travelling ; for it is stated she averages 172'000 meals a day ; this number, divided by 1800, her full number of passengers, gives the alarming quotient 95'59 meals per diem, per head. I suppose this must have been a printer's error, or a slip of the pen, or else the vessel would carry no cargo, for her hold would be required for provisions. These, for a transatlantic steamer, are of startling proportions, even if the meals are taken at the ordinary rate. I have come across a calculation which estimates the annual consumption. Here are a few of the items : 500 sheep, 200 lambs, 3000 oxen, 300 fowls, as many ducks and miscellaneous poultry, beside several thousand head of game, and other sundries. Add to these 100,000 eggs, 10 tons of ham and bacon, 5 tons of fish, 2 tons of cheese, 1000 tins of sardines, 100 tons potatoes, 5000 loaves, and biscuits, jam, meal, rice, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. Then the drink bill : 50,000 bottles of beer, 20,000

mineral waters, 3000 spirits, and 5000 bottles of wine.

Then comes the fruit, which would take a large patch to grow. I presume the printer must have transmogrified some of the figures, for the wine estimate appears much too low ; probably it ought to read 50,000, but a few thousand bottles are of little consequence in point of value, if all "Liners" buy at the price, which I think one newspaper declared to be 4s. 6d. per dozen bottles. Of course this was a "special manufacture," and I think the "Liner" an un-English one. I wonder if some strong imaginative temperaments would taste in these chemical compounds the pure juice of the grape ?

I have also seen the breakage list ; and, as far as I understand the statement, one of the Liners had a rough passage, and the breakages were as follows : 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles. Glad I am to say that we had not such a stormy passage. It was bad enough for poor sailors, but not of this tempestuous character. Although, I presume, owing to the peculiarity of the sea—a cross swell or something of the sort—our ship rolled heavily.

To give a few instances ! you place a plate

down when lunching on deck, and it will slide to the side of the ship. You sit beneath the awning, and the ship rocks so that when up you see the sky but no water ; when down you see the water and no sky. Then one night, when all the chairs were removed and tied up for the night, "the Major's Chair," which was too fancy to leave outside, was placed in one of the crossways between the deck state-rooms. Not being able to sleep, I paced the deck, and about one o'clock in the morning I stretched this chair out, and was reclining thereon, and was just dozing, when I thought, Dear me, what a roll she gives ! When lo ! the chair was turned completely over, and its occupant sent head over heels. Some of our passengers accounted for the rolling, suggesting our cargo was principally hay, and therefore light for the bulk ; but I should judge it to be either something special to the ship, or on account of wind and currents. We were much amused with the answer of one of the naval commanders on board. We asked him if the sea made any impression on him. "It might do if there was any motion," was the reply. So I presume the rolling of the s.s. *Paris* was as nothing in comparison to what he had experienced.

Certainly we might have been much worse, and had we stayed a week later the terrible cyclone would have taught us a lesson in ocean travelling.

On the whole we had a pleasant passage, although we did not see so many whales to amuse us as when outward bound.

Probably it has taken away a quantity from the track of steamers to make the monster, said to have been stranded on the American coast, 170 feet long, many tons in weight, and estimated in value at \$10,000.

However, apart from whales, and other great fishes, we had plenty of things to interest, attract, and amuse. We had one little child on board who was a very pleasant companion,—

Who could not talk, and hardly walk ;
Yet this fair child would play
With any one whose face had on
A smile to pave the way.

The language of a smile is one of the first languages childhood learns ; and I have often been struck with children of elder growth in foreign lands who knew a language, but not one's own, yet could appreciate this universal interpreter of kindly feelings, and whose faces would gladly respond with reciprocal illumina-

tion ; for all the world over there is a general understanding of

THE LANGUAGE OF A SMILE.

There is a language, all the same
In countries of whatever name,
That is a smile.

Their language may not be your own,
And by you never may be known,
Yet you can smile.

On childhood and on manhood's face,
You can the pleasant quivering trace,
A growing smile.

Yours will respond, or will invite,
For faces answer faces light
With nature's smile.

A child who cannot frame a phrase,
May, with its little face ablaze,
Answer your smile.

And one who other language knows,
Though not your own, soon clearly shows
He knows a smile.

This universal language pray
Well learn, and talk it every day ;
For each sweet smile
May make another face look bright,
Which teaches others by its light
The way to smile.

Thus will the traces of dull care
Be hardly noticed anywhere,
For all will smile.

And what a bright world this would be,
If on each face we e'er should see
A pleasant smile !

In fact, it would be very near
Akin to that far happier sphere,
Where angels smile,
And looks of love are only known ;
For where the blesséd have a home
Kind Heaven doth smile.

I was greatly interested in a boy about ten years of age who was trying to invent a fire-escape. His grandfather had invented one, and he drew me his ideas with great skill. In describing his invention he used a term we don't hear in England,—“slowed up,” and I am not quite sure if I grasped correctly what this meant. This little fellow and another one afternoon came to me in great consternation. They were playing quoits, and addressed me thus:—

“Do you see that old man? When our quoits run near his chair he . . . and we are afraid to fetch them. Would you please get us that one?”

So the round rope-made quoit had to be secured, and “the old man” did not . . . I suppose he had never learned “the language of a smile.”

One of our naval friends had presented to him at Washington a sea chart, which was an object of study for us.

On this were marked wrecks, icebergs, cur-

rents, courses of steamers, etc. The wreck *Mary Gibbon*, August 22nd, 1892, was sighted June 1893, and there is another wreck which has been frequently reported for four or five years.

These derelicts are very dangerous to navigation, and the American Government are taking the wise initiative, and trying to come to some kind of international understanding; and the resolution they have introduced authorises the President to make an agreement with the several Governments interested in the navigation of the North Atlantic Ocean, to provide for the reporting, marking, and removal of dangerous wrecks and derelicts, and other menaces to navigation in the North Atlantic outside the coast waters of the respective countries bordering thereon.

The captains of Transatlantic liners have frequently reported wrecks lying in the ocean tracks, and sometimes these are almost submerged. Recently the *Teutonic* sighted a derelict that was waterlogged when within five hundred yards of her.

Now, if one of these steamers struck a wreck, say in the night, when it could not be observed, the danger would be she might go to the bottom with her great freight of human souls.

The work of destruction will, no doubt, be

assigned to the navies of the several countries ; and how much better service will be rendered in blowing up these dangers to life than in destroying life itself !

Well done, America ! Though you are not sufficiently careful of life at home, you are doing a good work in trying to make this international arrangement.

Your railways far too many kill ;
So well, if you can save,
By your inventions and your skill,
Some from a watery grave.

On the Saturday we had a shovel tournament. I think this the right name to give it, for one gentleman said to me, "Mind, not shuffle—shovel" ; so I suppose he was right. Games I know little about : but strange to say I was found in the last tie, my opponent being the captain of the unfortunate steamer *Chicago*.

It therefore seemed quite an honour to lose, and especially finding myself only five behind at the close of the contest. First one and then another gave me instructions how to act, for probably the man in the moon knew as much about the game as I did.

This day I experienced one of the remarkable coincidences of life. Having been associated

with "The Spark" of our party in requesting aid for our forthcoming concert, a gentleman asked me how we were going on. As he seemed interested in our efforts, I asked him if he could help us at all. His reply was, his entertainment was too long, as it would take a whole evening. Well, it was arranged that this entertainment, which was announced as a lecture with a curious title, should be given in the evening; and of course I asked the passengers to attend, and also found a chairman.

Gradually I seemed to think I had seen this lecturer before, and ere the proceedings commenced I felt sure on the subject; but having assumed a different name I did not at the first recognise him as the gentleman I had a discussion with in a London Lecture Hall six years previously, and with whose opinions I strongly disagreed.

The lecture was a written one, and the audience listened to it with courteous attention, although several could be seen writhing in mental agony; but at its close the storm burst forth in all its fury.

First the chairman, who was a gentleman of some prominence, had to utter his condemnation; one or two Londoners gave a free vent to their

feelings ; and I was obliged to make a statement in self-defence, disclaiming all connection with the lecturer, his principles and his words.

There are occasions in life when the generous feeling rules, and you act on the “let it pass” principle, but this was not one :—

No ; generous feeling, take thy flight,
And do not tempt me to appear
By silent action in the light
Of one who at the Truth would sneer.

I certainly had been deceived over the matter ; and whatever bad there may be in one's nature, it is not yet so degraded as to applaud even by silence what one gentleman described as the concentrated essence of blasphemy, and the most abominable phases of an advanced Socialism. But I had to leave this uncongenial atmosphere, having promised to sing a song at the second saloon concert. On leaving the room, a lady frantically, and with a loud voice and violent gesticulations, demanded that I should stay and hear her speak ; but not for all the ladies on earth, nor any other consideration, will I consent to see the most solemn truths trampled under foot without a protest, if placed in a position where silence could be construed into approval.

Our second-class passengers were a very lively lot, and were bent on making the most of the voyage ; and their concert, with the aid of performing dogs and cats, was quite a success.

The next day was Sunday; and my state-room partner, the Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, D.D., had been requested by the captain to take the service. This gentleman is a Baptist, and he asked me to inform him on a few points in connection with the Church Service, which he had to read ; but as we had two licensed lay readers of the Church of England with us, I introduced him to them, and they very readily arranged with the Doctor the order of service.

One of these gentlemen read the first lesson, and the other the second. The sermon which the preacher gave us was an antidote for what we had heard the night before, and did not depart one iota from the will and wisdom of the Great Eternal as revealed in the Scriptures. The rev. gentleman is intimately associated with the Foreign Section of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He paid, in the course of a conversation I had with him, a fine compliment to England, stating that wherever the British flag floated religion was encouraged and civilisation promoted. The Society with

which he is connected made a special effort in 1892-3, and raised one million dollars; and their report states:—"Our million-dollar enterprise was simply our effort to make our gifts to God correspond more nearly with God's gifts to us." Well done, ye Baptists of America, to honour the cause of good Dr. Carey, your first missionary, whose great work is acknowledged with gratitude by all well-wishers of Christian effort among the heathen! I wish Dr. Duncan, or some other Nonconformist Christian minister, would come over to England on a mission to some of the less charitable, and endeavour to prevail upon them to adopt that kindly spirit towards the Church of England which he displayed. It is a very sad thing to attend one of the anniversaries in England, —*i.e.*, a meeting following a tea party, when ministers are gathered together, and many denominations are represented, but, instead of seeking to further the cause of Christianity, they make savage and quite unwarrantable attacks on the Church, and their vehemence is such that you would almost imagine their hopes of heaven rested upon the animosity and venom displayed against a Church which, to say the least, kept the light of Christianity alive

when there would have been gross darkness, and when these denominations had no existence.

Well, I must say I admired this minister of the Baptist Church, who had, like other conscientious Nonconformists, a large heart and comprehensive view of the duties of a Christian minister. I will not forget his kind words about the Church, and his tribute to England. "The British protectorate encourages freedom, education, and religion." Certainly, the thanks of the passengers of the s.s. *Paris* are due to Dr. Duncan, and his kindness to me personally I shall long remember.

It is very well that we should observe the Sabbath even on board ship, and our Sunday gave us some taste of what a Sunday ought to be—a rest, a joy, a peace, a comfort, a feast of love and a foretaste of heaven

A rest, a holy, sanctified retreat,
Where many hasten from earth's busy throng ;
The day of days, on which good Christians meet,
To join theirs with heaven's glorious song.

A joy, before which earthly ones may bend,
For it is unalloyed by worldly stains ;
When happy souls on eagle wings ascend,
And hearts inclined may hear the heavenly strains.

A peace, related to celestial peace,
Which saints in glory ever do possess ;
Though changing here, yet there it will not cease,
For there they know a perfect righteousness.

A comfort, ah ! so needed by poor man,
Who has to face the world's engrossing strife ;
He finds the earth's vain comfort but a sham,
So sighs for something of a higher life.

A feast of love, where God will e'er preside,
And living manna is in plenty spread ;
With which the longing soul is satisfied,
For higher natures crave for heavenly bread.

A foretaste of that heaven where Jesus lives,
Where angels ever chant before His throne ;
Such is the blessed sight each Sabbath gives
Of that bright place, the Sabbath-keeper's home.

On Monday many were anxiously awaiting *The Paris Gazette*, printed at sea. One of our party contributed an article, which I reproduce, as it gives some information of our Society ; and also insert my two little sketches "The Arts Party," and "The Swallow's Mission."

"THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

" Amongst the passengers in the *Paris* on the present voyage is a party of members of the Society of Arts of London, which was founded about the year 1754, for the promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. This work is carried on by means of weekly meetings during the winter months at the house of the Society, John Street, Adelphi, when papers are read on various subjects, followed by appropriate discussions. There are also Cantor and other lectures, besides periodical meetings connected more especially with India and the Colonies.

“The Society at present numbers about eight thousand members, residing in all parts of the British Empire. All subjects relating to inventions and improvements are considered within its scope ; and it may be mentioned that, amongst others, its Albert Medal has been bestowed on Mr. Edison. It does not, however, deal with the Fine Arts, except, perhaps, in their application to designs —although there is a rumour (given with all reserve) to the effect that the present Royal Academy owes its existence to an exhibition given under the auspices of the Society of Arts. The Council having been appointed, the Royal Commission of the British section of the Chicago Exposition sent out its secretary, Sir H. Trueman Wood, as its representative, and organised a private party of some of the members to visit the World’s Fair and other places of interest in America and Canada. The party, which at starting numbered thirty-five, including Rear-Admiral Maclear, R.N., Mr. Herschel, F.R.S., Captain Sconce (late I.N.), Mr. P. J. Rowlands, F.R.G.S., Mr. J. Paget, J.P., D.L., and Brothers Keyser and Terry, of wide celebrity in the Masonic world, arrived in New York on July 31st, and left on their return trip on August 16th. In the meantime they have visited Washington, Chicago, Niagara, Toronto, Montreal, Saratoga and Albany, from which place they returned to New York by steamer. They have been greatly pleased with all they have seen, and much struck with the energy and skill displayed in the planning of the Exhibition. They were also delighted, in spite of the great heat, with Washington, Niagara, and Montreal ; but enjoyed, perhaps most of all, the splendid trip on the Hudson. Some of them have carried away pleasing mementoes of their visit, but it would take too much space to describe the many pleasant recollections of their all too brief visit.

"Many of these will probably be duly chronicled in the *Souvenir* of the journey, which Mr. R. A. Naylor, F.R.Hist. Soc., kindly proposes to present to his fellow-travellers.

"One of the most pleasant is the mutual good-fellowship displayed by the members, and another will be the never-failing memory of the kindness and courtesy received by all from the many American and Canadian friends with whom they have been brought in contact."

THE ARTS PARTY.

We are a jovial, merry set,
For all seem bright and hearty,
We've had a trip we won't forget,
Nor any of the party.

The Army, Navy, Science, Art,
We have well represented ;
But space forbids more than a start,
So I must rest contented.

We've been to see Chicago's Fair,
And crossed the great Atlantic,
And when we now our notes compare,
We all say, "Grand !" "Gigantic !"

The British *Lyon* leads our van,
So we feel quite protected ;
He is the ladies' gentleman,
So they are not neglected.

Then we have songs that ever please
From his good brother *Keyser*,
But if there is a girl to tease,
This is the man to tease her.

We have two *Paines*, and sigh for more,
For these *Paines* add to pleasure ;
Instead of wishing they were o'er,
We count them as a treasure.

But say, ah ! say, what should we do,
In crossing this big ferry,
If we had not among the crew
Our good friend, brother *Terry* ?

THE SWALLOW'S MISSION.

Last night a poor, homeless little swallow flew along with this steamer for many miles.

Some would notice her and some would not.

Those who did could not help being impressed with the feelings of weariness she displayed.

She was certainly an object to awaken the chords of sympathetic pity ; for the poor, tiny thing evidently sighed for rest, and hesitated to alight and take it through doubts and fears.

For a short time she rested on one of the iron railings, and presented a most interesting object to the contemplative mind, for she seemed so tired, hungry, and weak, that the desire to succour, help, and feed must have been the ruling impulse in every heart sufficiently alive to listen to the woes and necessities of such a silent, though powerful appeal.

Early this morning I looked for that pretty little wanderer, but found her not.

Perhaps the fear and hesitancy ruled until exhaustion led the way to a watery grave, for it may be that the

mission of her destiny was performed, for the Great Being (who does not permit a little bird to fall without His notice) might have designed and ordered that this weak instrument of His creation should finish her course after teaching some great lesson to some human soul.

Ah, little bird ! where you are now I know not ; but the eloquence of your silence may be heard "after many days," and may influence some one to listen attentively to the piteous appeal of the many human swallows who wearily wander o'er the great ocean of life sighing for help and pity.

If this is so, a noble mission will have been accomplished, and you, dear little swallow, will not have lived in vain, for your vivid object-lesson may, with increased force, often be repeated in the years to come and thus yield its meed of praise to the honour and glory of your great Creator.

During the day our great Shovel Tournament was arranged and partially played, but was not completed until the following day. It was one of those strongly contested trials of skill, or perhaps partly chance, for the rolling of the ship made the latter element come largely into the calculation ; and it was a very curious thing that Captain Redfern and myself should have been left again to play the final tie. They told me I played very carelessly, for I actually gave him 3—10 offs—*i.e.*, 30 ; but impelled by almost the threats and entreaties of some of

the bystanders, I really tried to play better. The Captain was 49 after a long struggle, when by a miss he kindly gave me 10; then the excitement was at fever heat, and some one suggested that the honour of the Arts Party was at stake, so by a few specially good strokes I came off the victor, scoring the required 50 in proper style. The holder of the purse handed me the sovereign, but as I do not play for money my bargain was to give this to the markers, and the two men were highly delighted; but perhaps no one was more surprised than the winner, as games don't seem to be in his line.

In the evening we had our grand concert in the saloon, which proved one of those gratifying successes which please everybody.

The proceeds were also very satisfactory, and we were fortunate in obtaining the services of two very charming ladies to sell the programmes, which were nicely printed by the ship's printer.

The chairman also made a special appeal for the institutions the concert was arranged to benefit; and the collection, with programme proceeds, enabled us to hand the purser over £23.

GRAND CONCERT

Held in Saloon of U.S.M.S. "Paris," on Tuesday Evening,
August 22nd, 1893.

FUNDS IN AID OF THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGES, STATEN ISLAND AND LIVERPOOL.

Chairman—Rear-Admiral Maclear, M.S.A.



Programme.

PART I.

PIANOFORTE SELECTION,

MRS. FAGAN,

SONG . . . "The Old Folks at Home" . . . *Foster.*

MR. R. A. NAYLOR.

SONG . . . "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose" . . . *Hadley.*

MISS A. M. STABLER,

SONG . . . "Admiral Tom"

MR. H. A. LEE.

FIVE MINUTES WITH MR. JAMES LEWIS.

SONG . . . "I fear no Foe" *Pinsuti.*

MR. EUGENE COWLES.

ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN.



PART II.

SONG . . . "Out on the Deep" *Loehr.*

MR. A. B. MITCHELL.

SONG . . . "Promise Me" *De Koven.*

MISS DOROTHY DORR.

SONG . . . "Creole Lover's Song" *Buck.*

MR. EUGENE COWLES.

RECITATION . . . "Calling the Doctor"

MR. P. J. ROWLANDS.

SONG . . . "If I had but a Thousand a Year"

MR. KEYSER.

QUARTETTE . . . "Sweet and Low" *Burnby.*

MRS. MILLET, MISS DOROTHY DORR,

MR. EUGENE COWLES and MR. H. A. LEE.

NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

Concert to Commence at 8.30 o'clock.

The programme was not departed from, except that Mrs. Fagan was unwell, and a duet, "Friendship," by Messrs. Mitchell & Lee, was given in the place of the pianoforte solo.

Perhaps the piece which was the most rapturously applauded was Mr. Keyser's song "If I had but a Thousand a Year," and in response to this encore a song about "Bradshaw's Guide" was given with amusing effectiveness. Our American professional friend, Mr. E. Cowles, rendered invaluable help, and his songs were both encored : in fact, all passed off in admirable style. The chairman and performers were duly thanked, and the accompanist, the ship's surgeon, Dr. J. F. Hadley, responded by rendering a brilliantly played solo. This gentleman's setting of the old song "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose," is an accomplished bit of refined music, and we shall prize the copy he kindly presented to my good lady.

I fear I received far more praise than I deserved ; and a gentleman, the very essence of kindness, insisted that I should have a musical vote of thanks. The Captain, W. G. Randle, of the s.s. *Paris*, for kindly granting the use of the saloon, etc., also came in for the same honour ; and he made, in responding, a capital sailor-like

speech, which was very much appreciated and applauded by the audience.

The National Anthems brought the proceedings to a close ; and a gentleman said to me, "You ought to be a happy man to-night," and so I was. Probably he thought a miniature Andronicus.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung as the American national anthem, and we had this on the s.s. *Berlin* ; but not half the Americans on board own this as their national song. There is a hymn to the tune of our National Anthem which some favoured ; and several others were mentioned. The fact is, America has no recognised national anthem ; and though "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the favourite, still the country ought to have something more in keeping with her greatness. I see Dr. O. W. Holmes has tried to improve the song by adding another verse, but this distinguished American's efforts have not much mended matters. It seems a partially borrowed production adapted for its present use, but neither the tune nor the words are up to the mark, and it is a pity Longfellow, before he passed away, was not inspired to give his country a truly national hymn, something on the lines

of his "Psalm of Life," or "Excelsior," which would have taken deep root in the hearts of the people. A nation with a motto on her coins such as "We trust in God" requires an anthem with some recognition of Providence in it, and not so much of the "stars and stripes" and the blood and thunder element. In a little book you obtain on board ship called "The Passenger," with the "Compliments of Edwin H. Low," you have this notice: "'The Star-Spangled Banner' and 'God Save the Queen' are sung at the concerts given aboard ship. As many are unfamiliar with the words, their insertion herein will be useful." Now, we presume Mr. Low is an American, and he evidently agrees with the many who consider this "Spangled Banner" their national anthem; but I would respectfully ask any intelligent American to analyse carefully the two verses he inserts, or even add the one composed by Dr. Holmes, and then ask himself if the song is in keeping with this enlightened age, or if its sentiments are not more associated with the middle ages, when brutality and bloodshed were gloated over, and not considered things to be discouraged.

However, opinions differ, and perhaps the one

I offer may meet with the severest condemnation ; but this is an age when free speech is tolerated, and the wise do not object to the interchange of ideas, for thereby such lovers of truth reject the false and retain the true. Probably when we visit America again, a genuine, universally recognised National Anthem will have been inspired, and this wish gratified.

May some one soon appear
To write in words sincere
This nation's hymn !
Glowing with love replete,
Filling the vacant seat,
Which time will ne'er deplete,
Nor age bedim.

I am quite ready to admit that our own National Anthem may be justly stigmatised as defective, for lovers of perfect music can trace certain defects which even to lower-grade musicians are perceptible ; but it has woven itself in a marvellous way into our national life, and as it has become our adopted anthem by general consent, it would now be unwise to supplant it by another, even though this might be of a much higher order.

Our passengers on the s.s. *Paris* were quite different from those on the s.s. *Berlin*, and I was

taught by a lady the lesson that America has its society ; and I really think the dividing lines will be more difficult to demarcate than even the confusing divisions and subdivisions we have in England.

We had two sections—qualities, and aspirants to the real article—and both claimed to represent the beau-ideal of American aristocracy. Personally, I thought both very good ; but each section was prepared to stand on its dignity, and claim superiority. It is not for a poor Englishman to decide, for Society, so-called, is what I have always tried to escape from. Not in the slightest degree would I blame Society, for the doors of the titled and great have been thrown open, and the man who refuses to enter cannot cast reflections upon the kindness and courtesy of those who gave the invitation. England has her peculiar limitations and unwritten laws, even observed by the poor, who probably excel the rich in the strength of their pride and vanity ; but America, from what my charming lecturess taught me to believe, is ahead in the race, yea, heads by many lengths her British competitor.

But we must not display any scrupulosity in the matter, but be content to give the greatest

possible latitude to those who glory in these class distinctions which cannot make any of us either better or worse. There is no doubt we had some very nice and very clever passengers on board, whatever class they belonged to.

One of my opponents in the tournament, a gentleman from South Africa, was a very fine specimen of humanity. He showed me the photographs of his family. One of his children, a very pretty girl, had so captivated a gentleman once on the ocean, that he presented her with shares to the value of £400, to be kept for her until she grew up.

Another gentleman, a doctor from British Columbia, who was on his wedding trip, was a very desirable acquisition.

But, talking of weddings, we had a lady on board with one of the grandest love affairs on I ever heard of. Her mother is a celebrated authoress, and when she was showing me a proof of binding for one of her books, inside she found a private printed cablegram code. This she showed to me, and told me her daughter and a distinguished general had fallen in love at first sight, and this was their code. Their names were printed in letters of gold; and I was told that when they parted once for

just three weeks the lady received ninety-two telegrams, some of them running to six or seven pages. There is a touch of romance about this love affair, for each had to have an interpreter to read the other's letters, for they were of different nationalities.

Ladies would delight to hear the details of this fascinating story, but I have revealed about as much as prudence dictates. I don't know much about the love business from personal experience, but I have been a collector of these stories for a long time, and some time may give them in print.

This first-sight business seems to be rather common. I know a gentleman who met a lady quite accidentally, and shortly afterwards was walking with a gentleman past the house in which she resided, in a town some miles away from the place of the first interview. The lady was looking through one of the windows and gave my friend a smile : he left his friend, entered the house, asked the lady to be his, and the whole thing was decided.

I have another story where a man did not secure the look at the right time, and the two are still alone.

The only affair that ever I was intimately

connected with was through a lady inducing me to act the part of Pandarus ; but with the most miserable consequences, for the lady proved false to her lover, and actually went and married a man very much his inferior.

But changing the subject of love for science—which is more profitable, perhaps—we had on board Professor Milne, F.R.S., of Japan, and he had such a grand assortment of photographs out of the common run that the few who saw them, and heard his explanations, were entranced. He is the learned editor of, and principal contributor to, the *Seismological Journal* of Japan ; and his accounts of the devastating earthquakes which visit that country are of a blood-curdling description.

In thirty seconds, property and life destroyed to an enormous extent. The number of houses demolished, persons killed and wounded in the last eighteen years, is so great that I can hardly believe my figures when I come to look at them again. Some parts of Japan are not subjected to these devastating visitations, and in these portions of the country the Professor told me life was enjoyable and living cheap. £300 to £400 there is equal to £1000 in England ; and this statement is implicitly reliable, for

Professor Milne does not exaggerate. In London he would be a welcome visitor ; and since, I have read of his being at the British Association meeting at Nottingham, to give of his bounteous store of knowledge.

But our delightful trip draws to a close, for on Wednesday morning, very early, I saw the lights on the Scilly Islands; and when the passengers came on deck the mainland was a few miles distant.

These dear old shores we were pleased to see once more ; and on passing the Needles, in glorious sunshine, our own loved land did not show worse by comparison. On reaching the dock at Southampton, we saw our old friend the s.s. *Berlin* undergoing the beautifying process, and lying up for two months. Why America should have departed from her custom, and given this little bit of work to Englishmen, I do not know ; but thank you, America, for small mercies, for, perhaps, out of sheer generosity you may soon give a few odds and ends to your poorer brethren, so that the British workman may be kept from absolute want. His agricultural profits have gone, his town work grows less, and its multitudes to do it greater ; his mines now require less miners than before ; so

please, dear America, set an example of philanthropy to influence other foreign nations, and let it be known that, at any rate, we are thankful for the crumbs which fall from your bountiful tables, and our starving, increasing numbers will open their mouths wide to receive them. For remember, England, although distressed, does not forget to allow you all to feed sumptuously upon her national resources without let or hindrance ; for many things we wear, and much of what we eat, comes from foreign lands ; so while we let France send us silk while our own mills are closed, Germany her varied wares while our manufacturers are idle, America her products while our corn-growing fields are profitless, do, please, remember the generous poor, and allow us to paint your ships, to black your boots : in fact, the smallest mercies will be thankfully received.

Then just remember the kindness also of our tourist agents, and make a friendly note of the fact that "The special party of the Society of Arts, Commerce and Manufactures" were conveyed (through Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son) by "the American line" across the Atlantic. They have written me to see if I could suggest anything to improve what they arranged for

our welfare, and I replied "no"; for all their arrangements were very good, and reflect great credit upon all concerned; and I suppose they would have committed the great crime of favouring "British industries" had we been sent by one of the many English liners. Surely after this the nations of the earth will give a grand testimonial, and furnish Britannia with a large golden medal, with a suitable superscription, acknowledging us to be the most unselfish people on the face of the globe.

But, alas! we have heard the song sung, with compressed lips, but yet with a satisfied smile, by various nations:—

The foolish old country, she has got a craze,
Her people are sleeping in old-fashioned ways;
But we are more wakeful, and we'll make her sing,
And the old Sleeping Beauty to poverty bring.

Oh, what a lot of hand-shaking, good-byeings, had to be gone through! And even some of our friends were reluctant to say really "farewell"; for one Britisher actually made us promise that the next day we would pay him a visit, and he gave us a delightful drive in his carriage of some twenty-five miles in and around Epping Forest. This little bit of British favouritism rather spoils the otherwise anti-British picture,

for the hearty welcome we received from this gentleman, his wife, and family, showed that the love for the "made abroad" idea does not include humanity in its category.

But we must now conclude, and though all the opinions expressed in these reminiscences may not find participators in every reader, still they are recorded with an intention which, whether rightly or wrongly, is considered by the Author to be consistent with the truth.

A lover of his country will always desire his own land to enjoy any advantages he sees others possess, and to discard the useless and detrimental belongings she may cling to. Yes, and he will labour with untiring energy to promote her truest interests, without fee or reward, perhaps refusing all honour, declining all favours, proving, by his unselfish devotedness, he labours, not for his own glorification, but for the general good. England, at this juncture, requires more of these patriots, and fewer place-seekers, time-servers, money-hunters. Then she would flourish, and her people be provided with plenty.

However, we wish well to all nations and all peoples, and would delight to see universal prosperity and happiness beautifying the whole

world ; but it is a little pardonable to specially desire the best and richest blessings for our own land, of which we are so proud, whose honour we are so jealous of, and whose greatness we should like to grow and not diminish.

Ah, glorious old England ! no one can obliterate thy honourable past, nor can we forget the noble sacrifices, made by those who have built up thy greatness, nor help feeling sad when thy integrity is threatened and thy honour tarnished.

Our eight or ten thousand-mile journey has been delightful : we have seen much, and been kindly treated ; but we are glad to see thee once more, and in thankfulness feel ourselves in the land of our birth, which has been the home of the noblest and bravest of earth.

Yes, we love thee ! We love thy people, and we love thy Queen ! Yes !—

Our journey's o'er, and we once more
Behold with glad delight
Our own fair land, and on it stand,
Rejoicing at the sight.

All that we've seen, which good did seem,
Ah ! we would claim for thee ;
And all the bad we should be glad
To leave across the sea.

For we would like to see thee quite
From woes and dangers freed ;
And perfect light, and perfect right,
Alone in thee succeed.

On every page in every age
True patriots are shown,
Who have for good with heroes stood
And claimed thee as their own.

For in the past, when traitors cast
Their forces in the scale,
Our glorious Throne was not o'erthrown,
For they did sadly fail !

And so must we in 'ninety-three,
Like heroes true and brave,
From every woe and every foe
Our country try to save.

So, England dear, pray do not fear,
For though we from thee roam,
We shall not fail to gladly hail
Thee as our native home !

For if thy crew would but be true,
Our noble ship of State
Would safely ride, with stately pride,
Fear neither foe nor fate.

But England's Crown shall ne'er come down,
If patriots have their way ;
Her glorious flag shall never drag
Within the mire and clay.

But Flag and Crown keep their renown,
And still in greatness grow ;
Though inside foes increase our woes
And seeds of mischief sow,

Yet there are some who have much done
Our prestige to redeem ;
Whose selfless aim must honour claim
For Empire and for Queen.

We have a Queen, the best e'er seen,
And as all nations gaze
Upon her zeal, for our land's weal,
They cannot help but praise.

But ah ! alas ! sad is the pass
To which thy people's will
Has brought thee now, so make a vow
To show true wisdom's skill.

Thus from the deep, where patriots weep,
Thou mayest soon arise ;
And rulers true their duty do,
And thus be counted wise.

Then will our land in glory stand
Where'er her rule is seen ;
They will be blest who did their best
For Country, God, and Queen.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

13 Aug '62 TW	
LD	
JUN 28 1963	
15 Jul '63 X	
15 Jul '63 XS	
REC'D LD	
AUG 9 '64 - 2 PM	
6 Feb '65 RRR	
REC'D LD	
AUG 10 '65 - 10 AM	

M310290

